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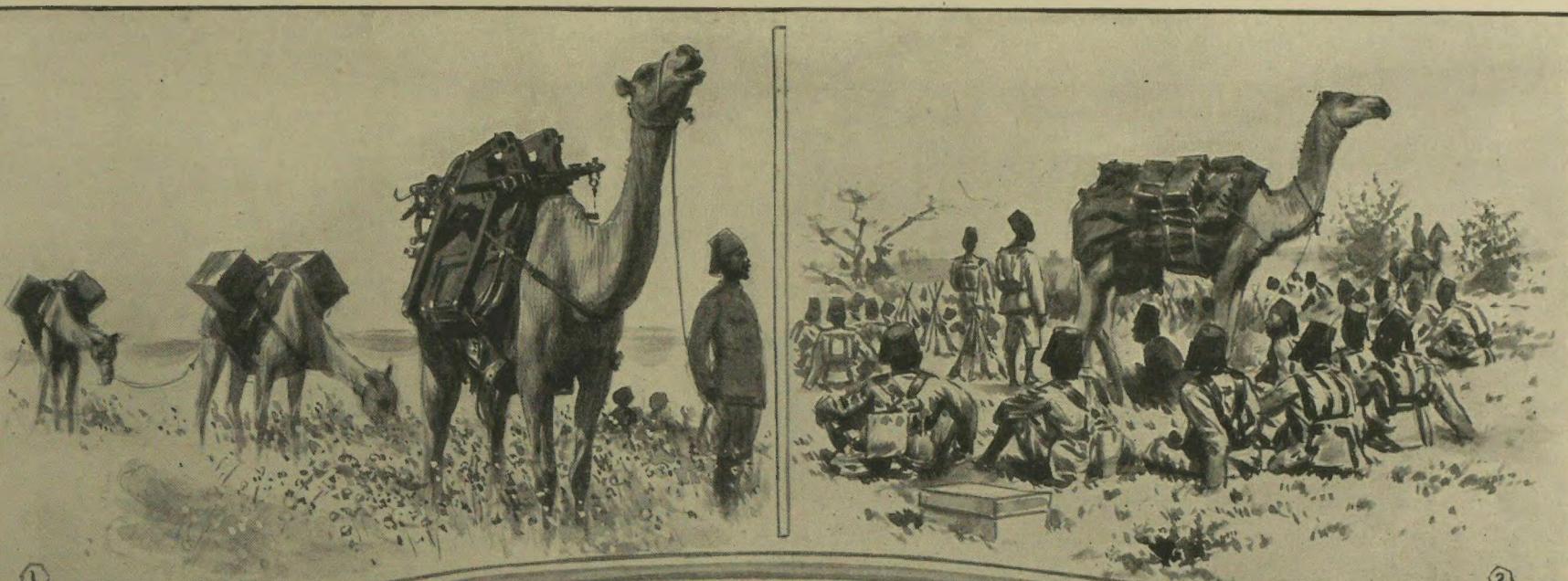
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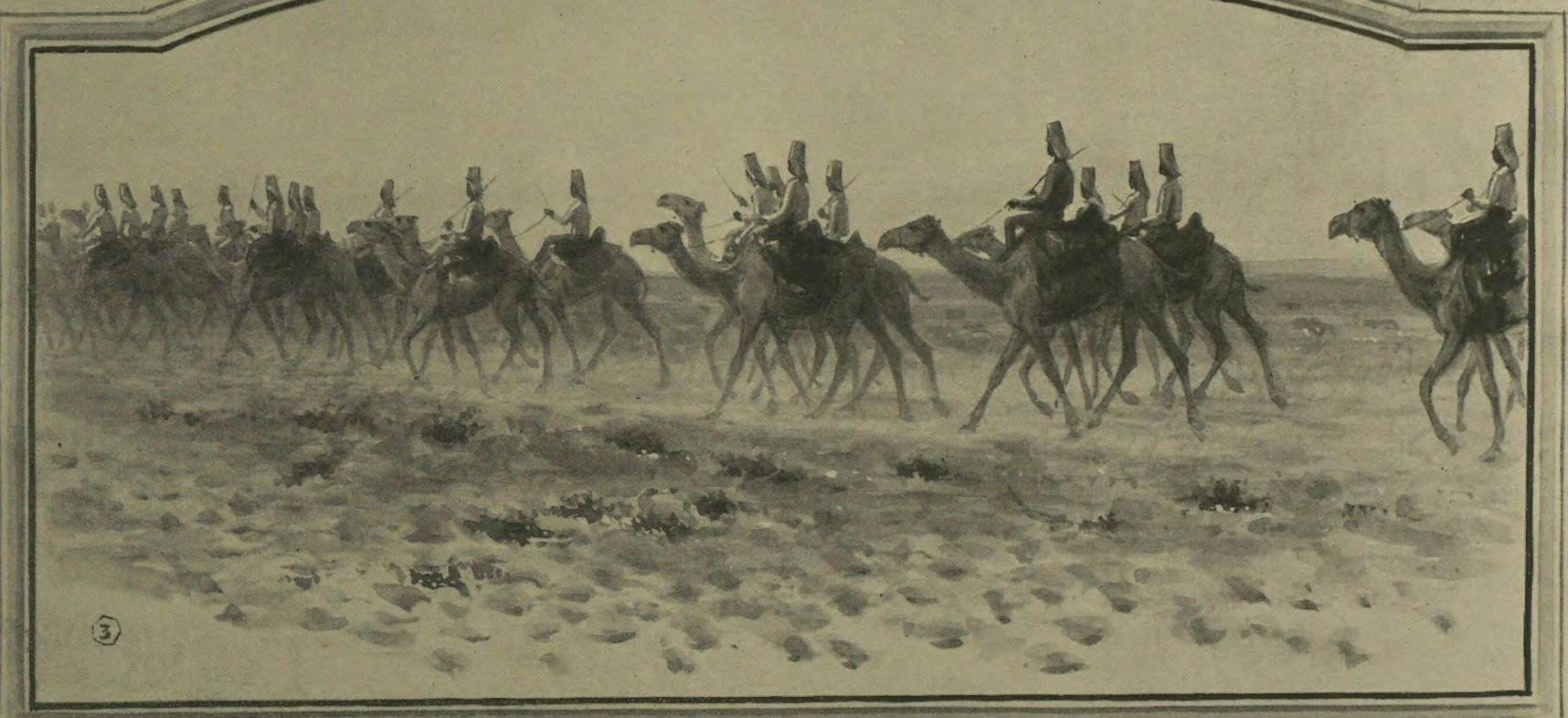
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S. BEGG

1. TETHERED CAMELS GRAZING DURING A HALT.

2. A BIVOUAC.

3. THE CAMEL CORPS ON THE MARCH.

4. THE FORT AT GUERERO.

5. A CAMP SCENE.

THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: WITH THE SOUDANESE CAMEL CORPS AND THE FLYING COLUMN FROM GUERERO TO BOHOJLE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY EXPEDITIONARY OFFICERS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY J. F. AUSTIN.

Mr. Chamberlain's encounter with the militant burghers at Bloemfontein has greatly disturbed the admirers of whispering humbleness. They would have a statesman always remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath. When he is told by an aggressive deputation that he has broken faith, he should bow meekly to the storm and promise to make amends. In that situation the soft answer merely indicates the soft head. Mr. Chamberlain understands the Boer character, and he met a direct challenge in the only spirit that the challengers could appreciate. Since he has been in South Africa he has given such proofs of practical goodwill to the Boers, and statesman-like grasp of a most difficult problem, as have won the approbation of all parties in this country. At Bloemfontein he had to deal with hostile critics who ignored all that the Government had done, charged him with bad faith, and set out a list of grievances that bore the most attenuated semblance of the truth. In the classic American phrase, Mr. Chamberlain was not to be "euchred." He has given plenty of examples of persuasive speech in South Africa; but this was an occasion for bluntness, and he did not stint it.

The inevitable reporter published an account of what befell the deputation headed by Christian De Wet and his friend Mr. Herzog. The report is said to be partial and inaccurate; but it is undeniably picturesque. There were animated bouts between the Colonial Secretary and Mr. Herzog, and the listening burghers were moved to frequent laughter. I do not make out very clearly whether they laughed with Mr. Herzog or at him; at any rate, their mirth betrayed no lack of good humour. De Wet had organised an attack by surprise; but the affair was not Tweefontein. The ingenious Herzog led the foray, but was met by a quick-firing weapon which never missed. Perhaps the burghers were tickled by this straight shooting. De Wet's idea of politics appears to be a vendetta with his brother; and he threatens agitation because the Government will not throw over men like Piet De Wet, who sided with us when they saw that the struggle was hopeless. Some fearful and wonderful politicians hold that we ought to have refused their help. But the Government will not seek to reconcile warring sections by deserting their friends, and Mr. Chamberlain's declaration on that head is a wholesome discipline for South Africa.

Mr. Rockefeller, American millionaire, continues his endowments of Chicago University. If the students there have any taste for the classics, they may be reminded of the gift-bearing Greeks, celebrated in Latin verse, when they hear that Mr. Rockefeller has given the University another million. For the money comes out of the Standard Oil Company, and the gift is coincident with the advance of a penny a gallon in the price of oil. The dearness of coal forced poor consumers to use oil as fuel; so Mr. Rockefeller's monopoly took occasion by the hand, and reaped a higher profit. I have not heard that the coal "operators" who forced up prices have shed their beneficence on University education. Perhaps they are reserving it for almshouses and asylums.

There is an authentic anecdote of a millionaire named Vanderbilt, who, when it was pointed out that his financial schemes were contrary to the public interest, retorted, "The public be d—!" Mr. Rockefeller seems ambitious to rival that noble frankness. He is said to have intimated to several Senators his disapproval of "anti-trust" legislation. "It must be stopped," he wrote in documents which, if genuine, should prove historic. Legislation of that sort might seriously interfere with the oil monopoly, and check the flow of benefactions to the University of Chicago. "It must be stopped," says John D. Rockefeller, quite in the spirit of the illustrious Vanderbilt, and also of the worthy who said, "They didn't know everything down in Judee." I have been reading an American novel, in which a Chicago millionaire is most benevolent to a ragged school, but raises the price of bread in two continents by "corners" in wheat. Perhaps it is Utopian to expect statesmen to make such gambling in the actual necessities of life a criminal offence; but there might be legislation which would cool the millionaires' zeal for ragged schools and seats of learning.

In that American novel I find the heroine with "vaguely portentous hair" and a "pallor." Pallor we know; but observe how it is deepened by the "u," hitherto treated as superfluous in American spelling. A heroine who starts life with a "pallor" is bound to have uncommon emotions. Of late years, novelists have left off describing the personal appearance of their characters. You may read many a book without the faintest idea of the heroine's hair, which used to be coiled in great masses, to fall down

to her feet, and to take so long in dressing, like Elvira's, in Mr. Gilbert's ballad. I am cheered by a writer who tells me that the lady's hair was "vaguely portentous," and threw a "tragic shadow" over her brow. This gives me an agreeable shiver when I make her acquaintance; whereas the ordinary heroine never suggests that destiny hangs on a hairpin. Even if she have red hair the author seldom deigns to mention it; and you are left to suspect that her tresses have lost colour owing to the mismanagement described in a circular from an "electrical beauty" shop near Bond Street. From this thrilling document I learn that hair is so pulled about at the dictates of unscientific fashion that the roots refuse their office. Novelists, perceiving this sad havoc, without suspecting the cause, think it prudent to say nothing. But if the heroine's hair is to be "vaguely portentous," is it not plain that she should undergo the electrical treatment without loss of time?

The circular proceeds to deprive the novelist of any excuse for not raving to us, as of yore, about the beauty of the heroine's arms. If the dear lady have red elbows, electricity will cure them. It will remove blemishes from the face. I have no doubt that prominent cheek-bones, which, according to Professor Lombroso, are signs of a small mind, can be subdued in the same way. If I were a novelist I should introduce my heroine with an uncompromising statement of her physical imperfections. The hero, after the first meeting, would say to himself, "Something nice about that girl; but oh, those elbows, and oh, that dead-coloured hair!" Then you would see her at the beauty-shop, going through the course, her hair becoming gradually portentous, her elbows approaching alabaster, and her complexion acquiring a "pallour." There might be an occasional relapse, which would furnish scope for emotional writing. In chapter three the hero, at a dinner-party, would take down a beautiful lady with a familiar name, and would say, "By the way, I think I have met your sister." "You have met me," she would answer, with the "tragic shadow" already on her brow. "Magical powers!" he would ejaculate. "But that hair, those elbows." "Transformed, as you see," she would answer, quoting fervently from the circular to illustrate the case. "But will it last?" There you have the keynote of a psychological study, for the young man would be distracted for the rest of the story by suspicions of a slight redness in one elbow, or a perceptible prominence in the right cheek-bone. And that portentous hair; think of it returning to its original deadness in a single night!

I think Mr. A. B. Walkley must have had this in his mind when he lectured at the Royal Institution last week on the inattentiveness of feminine playgoers. The heroine of my novel, resplendent after the cure, sits in the stalls and tries to fix her mind on the play. But she is conscious that the house is regarding her with interest and admiration. Many people there who knew her in the red-elbow days are enchanted by the transformation. The electricity she has received at the beauty-shop flows through the stalls in a current of fascination, affecting even perfect strangers. Mr. Walkley, observant man, has seen all this, even while concentrating his thoughts, for the purposes of dramatic criticism, upon the traffic of the stage. The electric current has touched him, and, without turning his head, he has remarked in a sardonic aside, "Ha! another inattentive beauty practising her wiles! If I were not the dramatic critic of the *Times*, I should yield to this distraction."

Mr. Walkley's theory that the average playgoer leaves his individuality outside the theatre, and becomes merged in the ideas and sensibilities of the crowd within, may be put to a very simple test. Ask any acquaintance what he thinks of a certain play, and you will find that his impression is wholly different from your own. People of equal intelligence differ about nothing so widely as about the drama. Instead of the proposition that we think and feel collectively as we do not think and feel separately, it would be more correct to say that the emotion of a crowd is of greater intensity than the same emotion would be in scattered units. Enthusiasm in the theatre is infectious if you agree with the enthusiasts; but all the shouting in the world will not make you shout if you do not happen to be in the humour. Confirmation of this elementary truth may be had on the first night of any play that strongly divides opinion. At a great political meeting, the crowd will be animated by a common impulse because the orator is addressing his adherents, and because the party watchwords are always hypnotic for the average party man. But a play does not command this convergence of sympathies. As a representation of life it excites a conflict of ideas or prejudices. If it has not vitality enough to do that, it will either fail or else subsist upon a popular bond of gentle tedium. But for this toleration of the gently tedious, most theatres would close their doors.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED," AT THE LYRIC.

It is strange, but true, that Rudyard Kipling has given Mr. Forbes-Robertson, in a stage-version of "The Light That Failed," one of the greatest histrionic triumphs of his career. *A priori* the characteristics of Dick Helder, his restless enthusiasm for grinding work, for the excitement of war, for every sort of experience, might seem peculiarly alien to the contemplative temperament of the most persuasive of modern Hamlets. But the picturesqueness and the pathos of the story of the artist, simultaneously rejected by his sweetheart and robbed of his sight, evidently appeals to Mr. Robertson's romantic side, and so we obtain at the Lyric Theatre acting at once robust and poignant, and a Kipling hero impersonated to what should be even the author's satisfaction. Yes, we get at last the Kipling atmosphere over the footlights—all the virility and strenuousness of the Anglo-Indian's views of life, all the turbulent violence and occasional tenderness of his emotional methods—and the result in the playhouse is something refreshingly vigorous and worth listening to; but also, thanks to "George Fleming's," or Miss Fletcher's, adaptive skill, something undeniably dramatic. Miss Fletcher, of course, has chosen the happy ending of the tale, which sends the self-centred Maisie back to her blind lover, repentant and converted, and thereby makes the girl's character hopelessly self-contradictory. But not even inconsistencies such as this can destroy the impression which the drama affords of unusual strength. That impression is not lessened by Mr. Valentine's and Mr. Aubrey Smith's representations of the war-correspondents, "Nilghai" and Torpenhow; while Miss Halstan's unexaggerated treatment of the Red-Haired Girl, Miss Nina Boucicault's realistic portrayal of the spiteful little model, and, above all, Miss Gertrude Elliott's charming earnestness in the fantastic rôle of Maisie, are all marked with the stamp of agreeable sincerity.

"A CLEAN SLATE," AT THE CRITERION.

In every comedy of Mr. Carton's there is exceptional wit: there is the *motif* of middle-aged love; there is the drawling, good-natured, worldly wise heroine suited to the leisurely and mannered comedy methods of the author's wife, Miss Compton. "A Clean Slate," the new Carton play with which the redecorated Criterion Theatre has reopened, exhibits all these customary qualities and an unusual abundance of hearty, genial fun; but its story is very thin, its nicely balanced scheme is worked out with almost too beautiful and obvious a mechanism, its very logic carries the playwright to outrageous developments of farce. Imagine two petitioners of allied divorce cases finding themselves old acquaintances and ultimately becoming lovers, and the strain on your fancy is not great. Conceive the errant husband and his sponging uncle pursuing the now free wife to a farmhouse and calmly proposing a reconciliation, and credulity is still satisfied. But let the shameless divorcée and her vulgar mother follow the runaway lover to this same farmhouse, and let the heroine receive her rival and positively arrange to give the two women—as she has the two men—shelter for the night, and all sense of probability is outraged. This concession is carrying the complacency of even the society woman too far. Still, it is but fair to admit that Mr. Carton's heroine, by quitting her home, marrying her Admiral, and returning to confront the shoddy quartette next morning, provides a most entertaining scene of discomfiture. The comedy, too, contains some charming sketches of country character, rendered splendidly by Mr. Mackintosh and pleasantly by Mr. Volpe and Miss Nellie Sydney, which redeem the sordidness of the disreputable persons so realistically portrayed by Mr. Somerset, Mr. Robb Harwood, Miss Meredith, and Miss M. A. Victor. Otherwise, Mr. Brandon Thomas, as the explosive and boyish old Admiral, fairly shares the acting honours at the Criterion with the delightful Miss Compton.

"A QUEEN OF SOCIETY," AT THE ADELPHI.

In its mechanical way, Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new piece, "A Queen of Society," which the author's wife produced and helped to interpret last week at the Adelphi Theatre, is not a bad specimen of unabashed melodrama, and leads up slowly towards its close to a rather strong but obviously artificial situation. The situation shows us a pampered but dissatisfied wife found wearing a ring which had been two days previously on the finger of a since murdered artist's model of Paris, and compelled to incriminate as the assassin either her own lover who gave her the ring, or her husband, who admittedly called on the girl on the night of the murder. The "Queen of Society" is made to plump for her husband, and a fairly clever manipulation of amateur detective scheming brings home the crime to the villain. But even considered on its own inartistic plane, Mr. Raleigh's new play is not to be commended, save in the comparative degree. For, apart from its containing many irrelevant scenes and characters, it suffers from the cardinal fault of lack of simplicity and straightforwardness. Its heroine, the central figure of the drama, is hesitatingly and indistinctly drawn; her state of mind can never be gauged, or her motives disentangled. Mrs. Raleigh did her best, though with too much the air of an adventuress, to make the foolish woman intelligible and rhetorically effective; and Mr. Frank Cooper, Miss Vane Featherstone, Mr. Tresahar, and Mr. O'Neill all acted with a vigour suited to their material.

"THE ADOPTION OF ARCHIBALD," AT THE AVENUE.

A sudden flagging of comic invention and a consequent lack of vivacity noticeable in the last act of Mr. Edgar Selwyn's new Avenue play is the only thing which

prevents "The Adoption of Archibald" from being hailed as the merriest of recently staged London farces. Its construction may be amateurish and its fun come in jets and spurts rather than in one growing and at length overpowering flood; but its idea—one which makes the doubtful origin of an adopted reformatory boy responsible for all sorts of amusing marital suspicions and quarrels—can fairly be described as unhooked, and some of its situations and all its "curtains" have about them a drollery that is quite irresistible. Happily, Mr. Selwyn's farce has the advantage of three first-rate pieces of acting. Mr. George Giddens and Miss Fanny Brough assume once more—to general delight—their familiar parts of the henpecked husband and his tyrannical spouse, and young Cyril Smith makes as natural and as cheeky a lad as could be found in any city street.

THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

The Covent Garden ball of last Friday, Feb. 6, could boast an exceptionally full attendance, due partly, no doubt, to the fact that early in the evening Mr. Frank Rendle had given a dinner in the foyer to celebrate his wife's restoration to health, and that the hundred or more guests stayed to watch or join in the dancing festivities. Among the costumes competing for prizes there were many that were pretty and effective, but only two topical designs obtained honours, those representing "The Venezuela Question" and "Aquarium: Past and Present." The next ball is due on the night of Feb. 24, which is, of course, Shrove Tuesday.

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S JOHANNESBURG BANQUET.

The event of the Colonial Secretary's visit to Johannesburg was the banquet held in the Wanderers' Hall, of which we are this week enabled to publish an illustration. The building, which is very large, was elaborately decorated. More than five hundred of the principal inhabitants of the Transvaal sat down to the banquet, and the chair was occupied by Mr. St. John Carr, chairman of the Municipal Council. He was supported on his right by Mr. Chamberlain, on the left by Lord Milner. When Mr. Chamberlain rose to respond to the toast of his health, which had been proposed by the chairman, he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, which lasted for several minutes. He began to speak in a slow and deliberate manner, but about midway in his address he became much more animated, and frequently emphasised his remarks with his usual gestures. Loud and enthusiastic cheers punctuated the delivery of the speech, and he was listened to throughout by an audience which had been greatly augmented by the entrance of visitors who had tickets for the speeches only. Many ladies were in the company, and Mrs. Chamberlain occupied a seat on the dais. At the conclusion of Mr. Chamberlain's remarks the assemblage burst into a perfect tumult of applause, which lasted for several minutes.

THE TIDAL WAVE IN THE PACIFIC. France has been particularly unfortunate of late in her colonies. It is not yet a year since the terrible volcanic disaster at St. Pierre ruined some of her fairest possessions; and now another terrible calamity, this time not by fire, but by water, has visited her dependencies in the South Seas. On Jan. 13 the Society Islands and Tuamotu group were devastated by a tremendous tidal wave and hurricane. The survivors say that on the 11th the weather was very oppressive, and the peculiar colour of the sky caused great alarm. The waves rose higher and higher until at last a wall of water forty feet high swept across the islands, submerging them for miles. The inhabitants sought refuge in the trees, but even there there was little safety, for very often the roots gave way and the fugitives were thrown into the water. The survivors, to the number of four hundred, swam three miles from the tree-tops and were picked up by the *Excelsior*, which brought the unfortunate people to Papeete on Jan. 26. The captain of the vessel computed that in the islands of Hao, Hikuera, and Marakau eight hundred lives had been lost. The population of Hikuera numbered about one thousand persons, whose occupation was pearl-diving. Of these about half were drowned, and the other two islands were depopulated. The islands are all French, and eight white persons were reported to have been drowned. One woman, it is said, committed suicide through fright. Of the French possessions in Oceania, the Society group, in which are the islands of Tahiti and Moorea, is the most important. To Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, the first intimation of the catastrophe was brought by the schooner *Eimee*, and the steamer *Mariposa* carried the news to San Francisco on Feb. 8. The survivors have lost everything, and it is feared that many more must perish before relief can reach them.

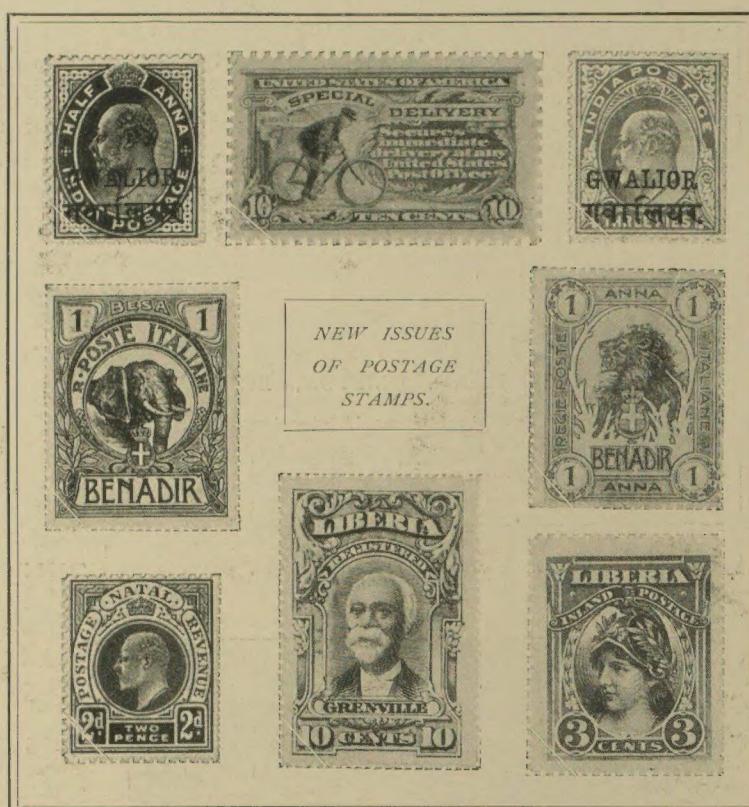
THE SOMALILAND OPERATIONS.

Although Italy will not formally take the field with us against the Mullah, we have received substantial proof of the co-operation of that country. The Sheikh of Obbia, who had been causing trouble to the operations of the British troops in that quarter, was invited by the Italian Consul to go on board an Italian gun-boat. There he was immediately detained, and afterwards deported to Aden. A search was then instituted in the native houses, and a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition was confiscated. The people took the Sheikh's arrest quietly, and at once began to sell live stock to the British troops. The preparations along the line of advance from Obbia to Mudug is progressing steadily. The Mullah's retirement to the river Webbe Shebyle is somewhat embarrassing, but the British expeditionary force hopes soon to get into touch with him. Of the

main operations, we hope in due course to publish sketches by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, who is on his way from India to join the British column.

NEW ISSUES OF STAMPS.

The most curious of the examples which we are enabled to publish this week are the two specimens supposed to belong to Benadir, on the Italian Somali coast. With regard to these, Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. write:



- 1. THE 1-ANNA SURCHARGED GWALIOR.
- 2. THE U.S. SPECIAL DELIVERY.
- 3. THE 3-PIES SURCHARGED GWALIOR.
- 4. THE SPURIOUS BESA BENADIR.
- 5. THE SPURIOUS ANNA BENADIR.
- 6. THE NEW 2D. NATAL.
- 7. THE 10-CENT LIBERIA.
- 8. THE 3-CENT LIBERIA.

"From inquiries we have made, there appears to be no postal service at all in Benadir, no post-offices, and no postmasters; consequently there is no use for stamps. On making further inquiry, we find these stamps were printed at the Italian Government printing office to the order of a trading firm named the Societa Anonima Commerciale Italiana del Benadir, which has its chief office at Milan. We have ascertained that they had sold the entire issue to an Italian stamp-dealer. It appears to us that these labels are of a purely speculative character, and cannot be termed postage stamps in any sense of the word." The same firm also send us the useful 10-cent special delivery stamps which the United States Government has just

Macedonian deputation has been received by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who said that grave events were impending, and that he relied on the patriotism of the Bulgarian people. In the Balkans, a pessimistic view prevails as to the chance of the Sultan's granting reforms, and it is affirmed that, even if they were conceded, a rising could not be prevented. Nothing is known as to the course of action likely to be taken by Austria and Russia in their joint scheme of reform for Macedonia. Such a scheme has, however, been completed and laid before the Cabinets at Vienna and St. Petersburg. As soon as their approval is obtained, it will be presented to the Porte. In view of the promised Russian support to Bulgaria it is significant to note our illustration which represents members of the Russian Red Cross Society succouring Macedonian refugees at a Bulgarian frontier post. The Pan-Hellenic Society is actively hostile to the movement for Macedonian autonomy, and M. Kazáez, President of the Pan-Hellenes, has asserted that every Greek who advocates Macedonian self-government is a traitor, for Macedonia belongs not to the Macedonians, but to Pan-Hellenism. He advocated the formation of a Greek alliance against the Bulgarians, and advised that Greek converts to Islamism be also won over to the Pan-Hellenic cause.

A FIND OF TUDOR ARCHITECTURE.

At Stratford-on-Avon, while the stucco was being removed from a house in High Street, a fine example of Tudor architecture was discovered. The house had been originally three-gabled, and in the two upper storeys, which are of the usual magpie type, the design of the woodwork is both beautiful and unique. These storeys are overhanging, and are supported by oak storey-posts carved in the early Renaissance style. Of one of these we give an illustration. The moulding above the ruffed head, which is probably a crest, is early Tudor, and beneath it appear simple Tudor roses. The pilasters of the other storey-posts are carved with acanthus leaves and roses. Under the ground floor some carved stones, evidently parts of window-tracery, were brought to light. They are in the thirteenth-century style, and were probably taken from the remains of the old Church of the Holy Cross, which was pulled down about the end of the fifteenth century. Early in the nineteenth century the house was "beautified" by the stucco covering, which has now happily disappeared. The entire building is being restored by an anonymous benefactor.

ARGENTINE CATTLE.

The Board of Agriculture on Feb. 3 revoked the Foreign Animals Amendment Order of 1900, which prohibited the landing in Great Britain of animals from the Argentine Republic and Uruguay. For the past year many public bodies interested in the livestock trade have been making strong representations for the repeal of the order. The revocation will greatly affect the prosperity of many ports, notably Deptford, which three years ago did a large trade in Argentine cattle. Although cattle have been most generally mentioned, sheep form the largest imports of live stock from Argentina. On the *estancias*, or ranches, of the Republic many English breeds, both of sheep and cattle, are reared, and we give pictures of two famous English sires now in Argentina and the progenitors of Argentine herds. The figures which we publish elsewhere show the flourishing state of the import market when the embargo came into force. All animals landed in this country must have received a certificate of health from the Argentine or Uruguayan Consuls, and it is notified that their admission is for slaughter only. For our illustrations we are indebted to the courtesy of the Consul for Argentina.



THE RENEWAL OF THE TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS: A TYPICAL MACEDONIAN INSURGENT, WOUNDED IN A RECENT ENGAGEMENT; AND MACEDONIAN REFUGEES CARE FOR BY THE RUSSIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY AT A BULGARIAN FRONTIER STATION.

issued. This stamp affixed to any letter will ensure its immediate delivery. It bears the appropriate symbol of a messenger-boy mounted on a bicycle. From Messrs. Bright and Son we have received two new Liberian issues. There are five different kinds of the large 10-cent stamp. The same dealers send us the remaining examples.

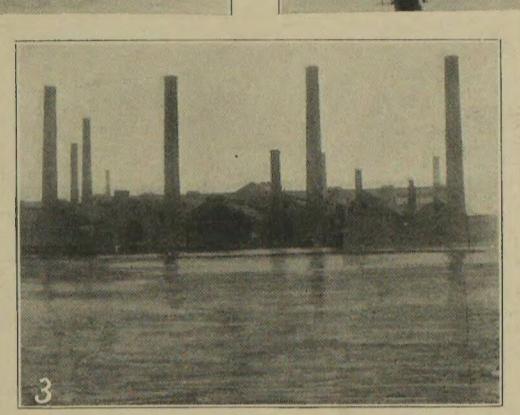
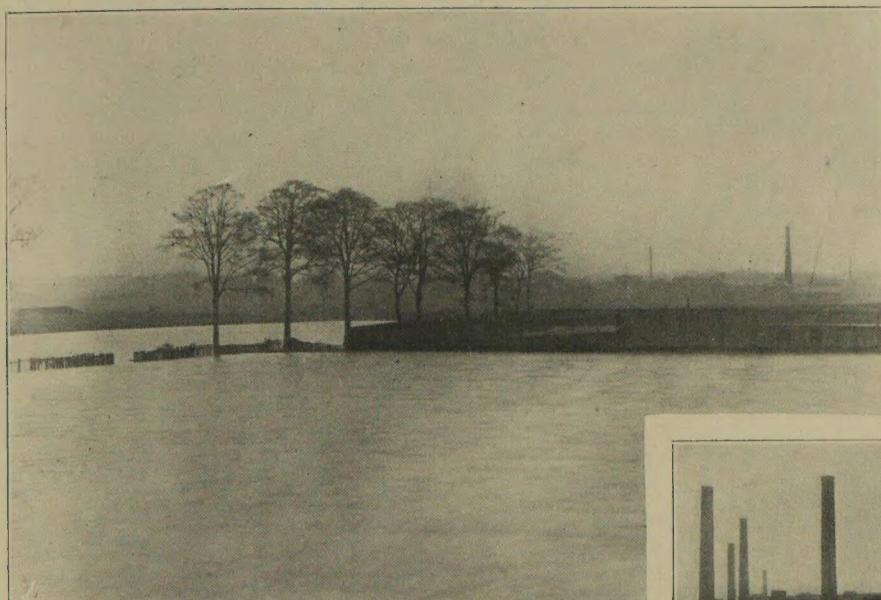
THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

From Vienna come disquieting reports regarding the state of affairs in the Balkans. It is said that should an insurrection break out in Macedonia, Bulgaria is prepared to invade Turkey, and should she be unsuccessful, she has the assurance of Russian support. A

certificate of health from the Argentine or Uruguayan Consuls, and it is notified that their admission is for slaughter only. For our illustrations we are indebted to the courtesy of the Consul for Argentina.

A WONDERFUL QUICK-FIRING GUN.

At Eynsford, Kent, on Feb. 5, General Nelson Miles, Lieutenant-General commanding the United States Army, and other officers watched the working of the new 3-in. quick-firing fourteen-pounder gun. The weapon fires twenty-four aimed rounds per minute, and a continuous stream of shells could be seen bursting upon the target one thousand yards away. The discharge and the impact were almost simultaneous.



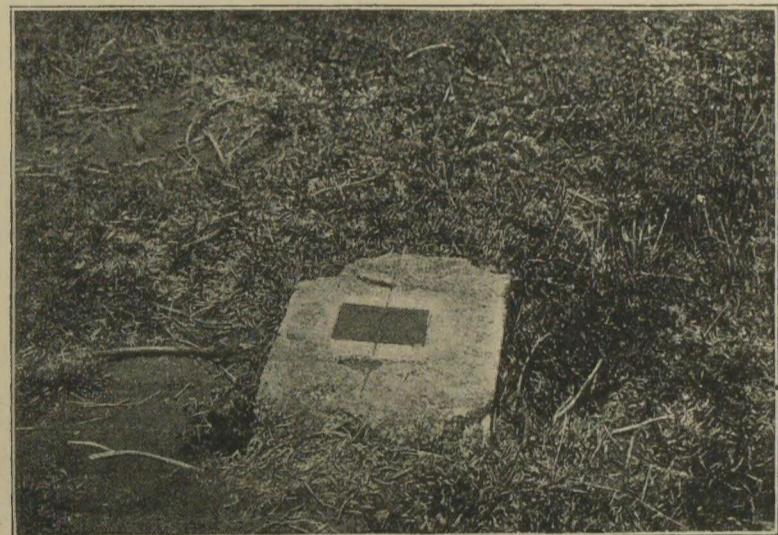
1. Barrowfield Football Ground Inundated. 2. The Wooden Bridge at Farme Colliery, Carried away by the Flood. 3. The Back of the Clydesdale Tube Works, Showing the Wall and Roof Carried away.
4. The Interior of the Bolt, Nut, and Rivet Company's Works. 5. The Interior of the Bolt Company's Works, Showing the Damaged Machinery.

THE FLOODS ON CLYDESIDE: SCENES OF THE INUNDATION, FEBRUARY 9.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGFIER.



A NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.



A RELIC OF THE GREAT SOUTH SEA PIONEER: CAPTAIN COOK'S STONE.



THE STAPLE INDUSTRY OF THE SOCIETY ISLANDS: DRYING COPRA.

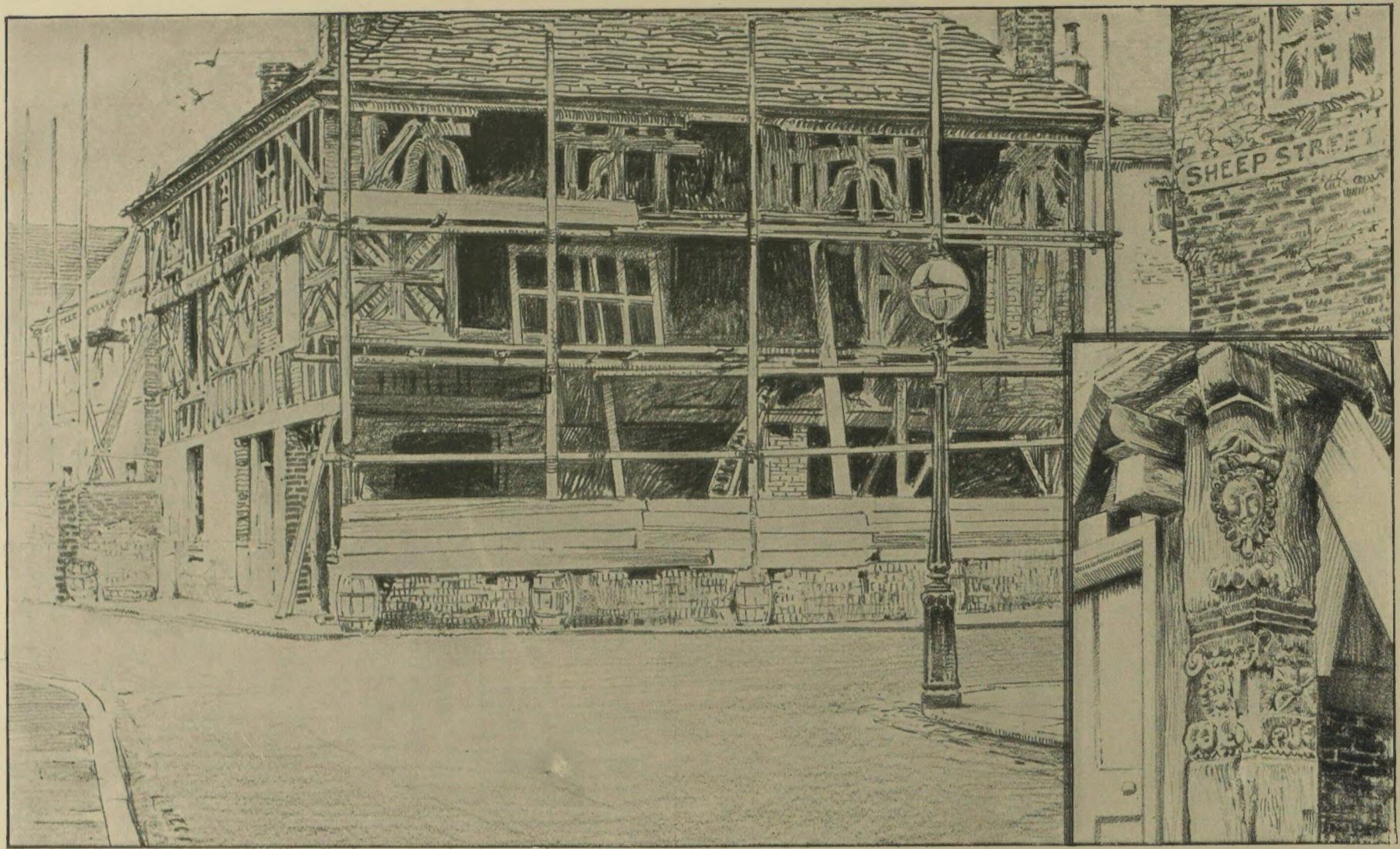


THE FRENCH IN THE SOCIETY ISLANDS: A FESTIVAL AT PAPEETE.

THE DISASTROUS TIDAL WAVE IN THE PACIFIC, JANUARY 13: TYPICAL SCENES IN THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

REPRODUCED FROM "LE TOUR DU MONDE," BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HACHETTE.

The islands which suffered chiefly from the tidal wave were a dependency of Tahiti, which escaped the disaster.

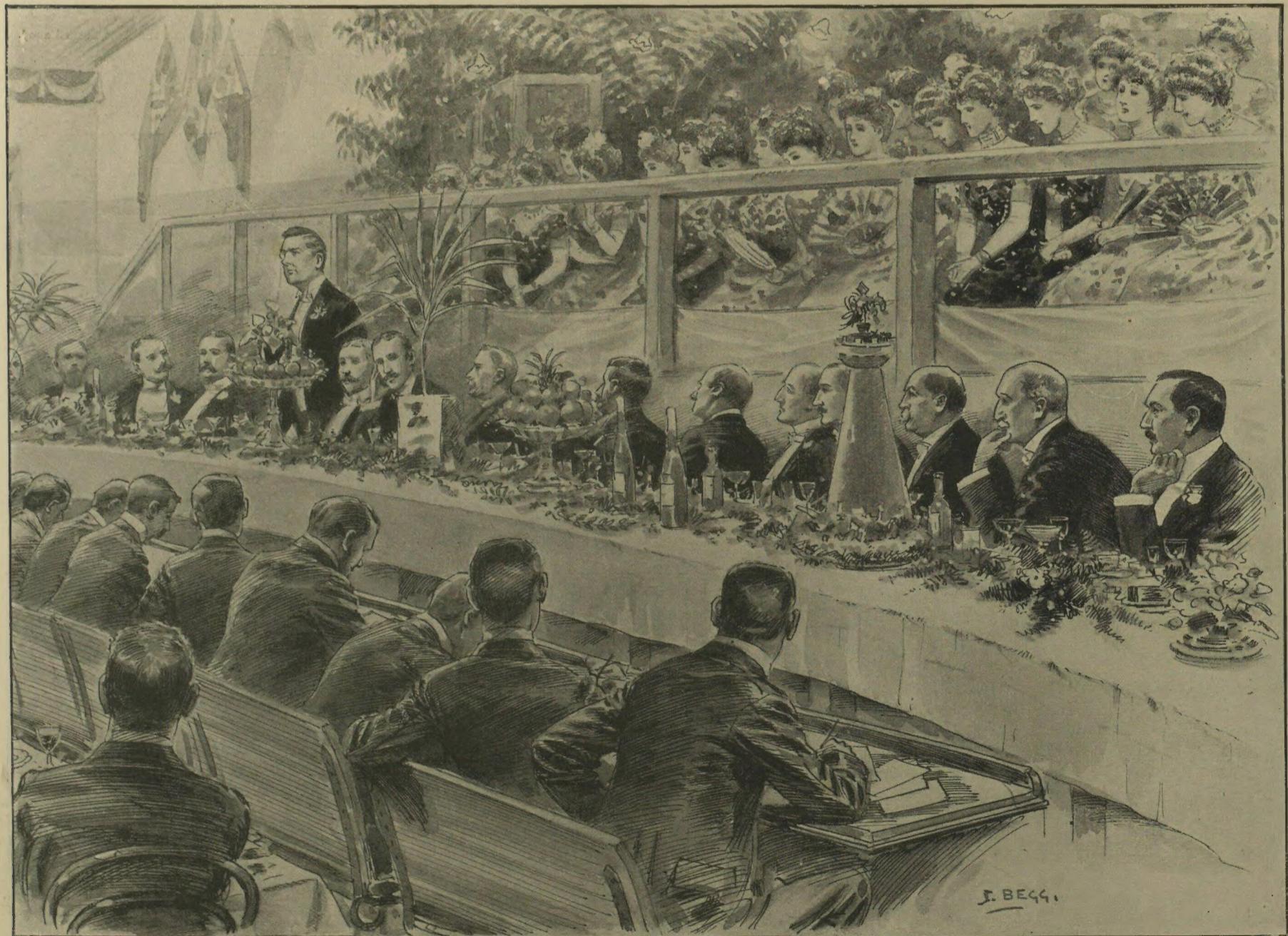


A CARVED STOREY-POST.

FINE TUDOR ARCHITECTURE RESCUED FROM STUCCO: A CORNER HOUSE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. J. J. HAWKES.

On the removal of the stucco facing which has disfigured the house since the beginning of the nineteenth century, some beautiful Tudor architecture was revealed. It included the very fine storey-posts, of which we reproduce an example in detail. See the article on "Our Illustrations" page.



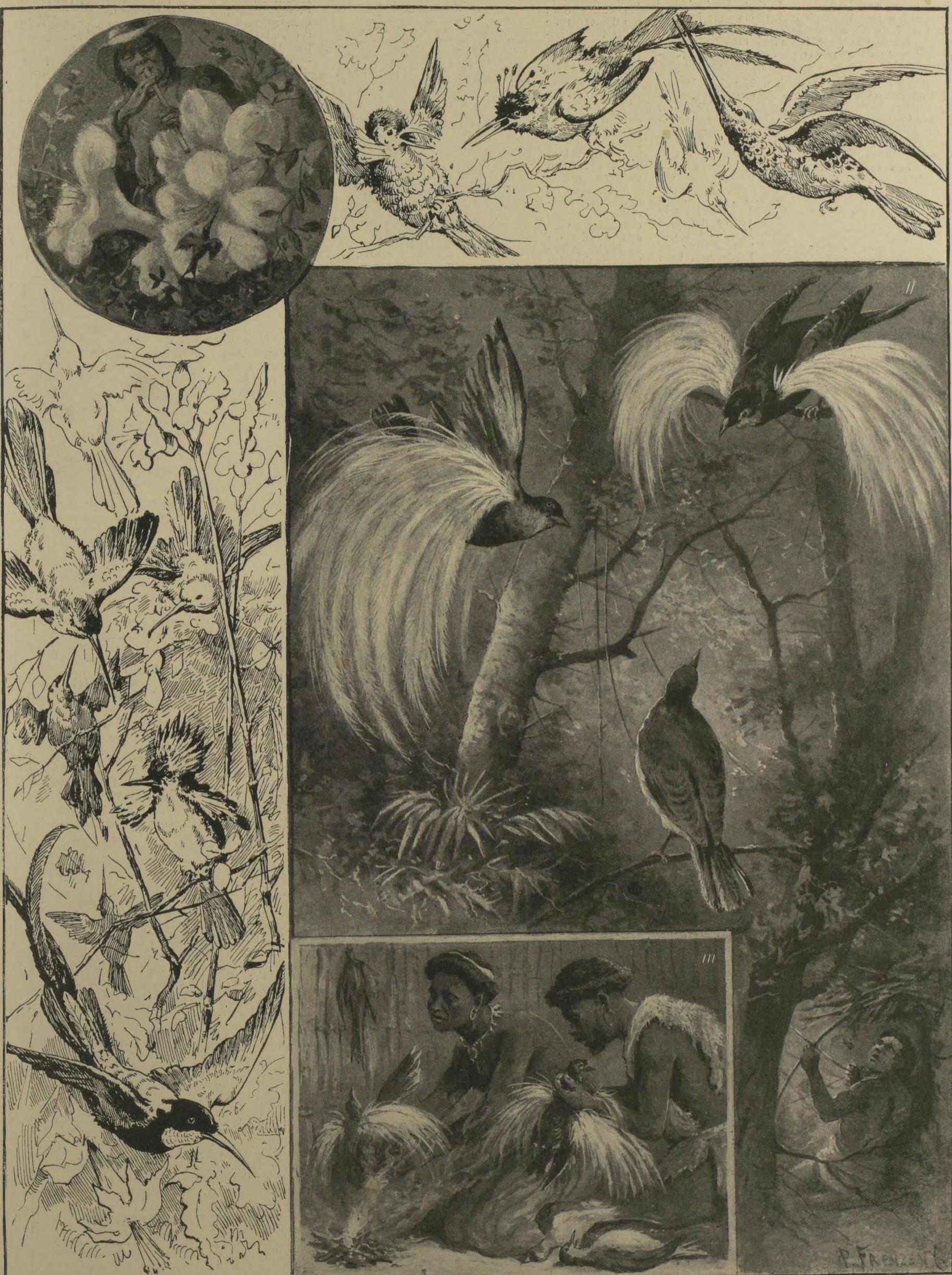
THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S TOUR: MR. CHAMBERLAIN SPEAKING AT THE WANDERERS' HALL, JOHANNESBURG, JANUARY 17.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY W. DOWLING, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT JOHANNESBURG.

The figures at the high table, reading from the second on the left, are Sir Arthur Lawley, Sir J. P. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. St. John Carr (chairman), Viscount Milner, General Lyttelton (two unnamed), Sir P. Girouard, Sir G. Farrar, Mr. J. S. Hamilton, Major-General Baden-Powell, and General Louis Botha. Immediately in front of the high table were the representatives of the Press. A curious feature is the ornament on the table, which was intended to represent a blockhouse, but the chef, being a Frenchman, did not quite succeed in his design.

“MURDEROUS MILLINERY”: FEATHERS FOR THE EUROPEAN MARKET.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.



1. SHOOTING HUMMING-BIRDS WITH THE BLOW-GUN. 2. THE BIRD-OF-PARADISE: COURTSHIP AND DEATH. 3. SMOKING THE SKINS. 4. HUMMING-BIRDS AT HOME.

When the male birds-of-paradise assemble to woo the female by displaying their wonderful plumage, the fowler builds a screen in the lower branches and shoots the male with blunt arrows, so as not to draw blood. The feet, wings, and skull are then removed, and the skin smoked over a slow fire. Humming-birds are usually shot with a blow-tube loaded with fine sand. The skins are smoked and packed in crates for transport. At a meeting of the Society for the Protection of Birds, held on February 10, mention was made of the new Act of 1902 for protecting birds at home, and the Indian order limiting the exportation of feathers. The Duke of Bedford spoke in condemnation of “murderous millinery.”

PERSONAL.

It has been confidently stated that Lord Milner will resign his post in South Africa this year in order to succeed Lord Curzon in India. Mr. Chamberlain, however, has significantly intimated that he expects Lord Milner to continue his present work for a considerable period.

Another Parliamentary innovation. The chief Government Whip has decided to abolish the excessive urgency of appeals to the party for attendance at divisions. Hitherto the member has been accustomed to receive a "five line whip" for the most ordinary emergencies. In future he will get nothing stronger than a "three line whip" for the most crucial division. What difference this can make to his ease and comfort it is impossible to say.

Sir Henry John Innes-Ker, K.T., M.V.O., eighth Duke of Roxburghe, who will propose the Address in reply to the King's Speech in the House of Lords, was born on July 25, 1876, the son of the seventh Duke and Lady Anne Emily Spencer Churchill, daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, a Lady of the Bedchamber and Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria. Educated at Eton, he succeeded his father in 1892, and is now the owner of some sixty thousand five hundred acres. He is a



Photo, Mayall.

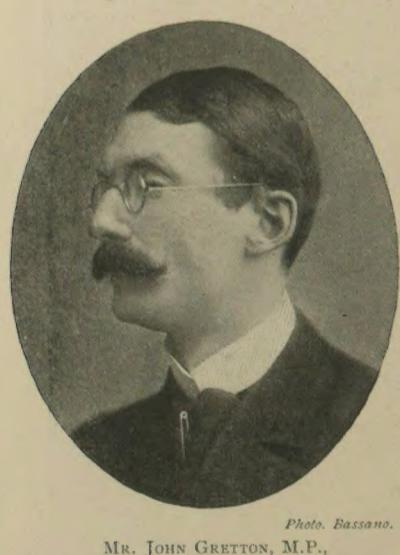
THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE,
Mover of the Address in the House of Lords.

Deputy-Lieutenant for Roxburgh; a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards; served in the South African War in 1899 and 1900; and in 1901, as A.D.C., accompanied the Prince of Wales during his Colonial tour. In addition to the title by which he is best known, his Grace is Marquess of Bowmont and Cessford, Earl of Roxburghe, Earl of Kelso, Viscount Broxborough, Baron Roxburghe, and Baron Ker of Cessford and Cavertoun, in Scotland; Earl Innes in the United Kingdom; and a Baronet of Nova Scotia.

Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman will on Tuesday next unveil a memorial tablet to the Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute who fell during the South African War. It is placed in the Hall of the Institute, in Northumberland Avenue, and bears sixteen names, headed by that of the late Earl of Ava.

The Paris papers are full of the Dreyfus case. Some new facts are said to have come to light, and the Chamber is to have the opportunity of passing judgment on them. Needless to say they relate to forgeries employed against Dreyfus. But it is not believed that public opinion in France will tolerate anything in the nature of a new trial.

Mr. John Gretton, the Mover of the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne in the House of Commons, has had a comparatively short experience of Parliamentary life, having held his seat for South Derbyshire only since 1895. Born in 1867, the son of John Gretton, of Burton-on-Trent, Mr. Gretton was educated at Harrow, and is now a director of Messrs. Bass, Ratcliff, and Gretton, Limited. He takes considerable interest in military affairs, and is Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the



Photo, Bassano.

MR. JOHN GRETTON, M.P.,
Mover of the Address in the House of Commons.

2nd V.B. North Staffs Regiment; while his recreations include travelling, architecture, yachting, hunting, cycling, shooting, and the study of literature. He married, in 1900, the Hon. Maud Helen de Moleyns, youngest daughter of the fourth Baron Ventry.

In view of the many erroneous statements that are appearing in the Press, Mr. Robertson-Durham, the Judicial Factor on the estate of the late George Douglas Brown, authorises us to say that Mr. Brown left behind him some manuscripts, which the Judicial Factor has placed in the hands of Mr. D. S. Meldrum, who, with other friends of Mr. Brown, is preparing for the press a volume of his writings, to which an authorised memoir will be prefixed.

We have good reason to believe that the volume referred to by the Judicial Factor will contain, among other pieces, the critical essay on "Hamlet" on which Mr. Brown was for a long time engaged. We look forward with satisfaction to a volume prefaced by a memoir, and not a formal Life.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who died at Nice on Feb. 9, was born at Monaghan, Ireland, in 1816, and was educated at the public school of his native town and at the Belfast Institution. Politics soon claimed his allegiance, and after dabbling in journalism, he started the *Nation* in 1842. In the following year he was tried with O'Connell and others on a charge of seditious conspiracy, but his conviction was set aside on appeal. After founding the Irish Confederation, he was arrested in 1848 for treason-felony, was arraigned on four separate Bills and twice tried during ten months' imprisonment, but his conviction proved impracticable. In 1852 he was elected member for New Ross, and introduced into Parliament the principle of independent opposition, the members of which pledged themselves only to vote for measures according to their value to Ireland. After four years, however, not being at one with his party, he decided to emigrate to Australia. There, in the following year, he became Minister of Public Works under the first responsible Government of Victoria; in 1871 Prime Minister; and in 1877 Speaker. He was created K.C.M.G. in 1873. Duffy was a great friend of Carlyle's, and his "Conversations with Carlyle" is a charming book. The two men disagreed about everything under the sun, but lived in the heartiest good-fellowship.

Miss Ada Ellen Bayly, better known by her pen-name "Edna Lyall," died at Eastbourne on Feb. 8.

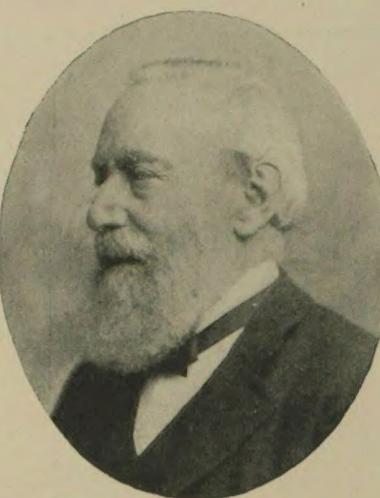
Born at Brighton, Miss Bayly was the youngest daughter of the late Robert Bayly, barrister, and the granddaughter of the late Robert Bayly, Bencher and Treasurer of Gray's Inn. Her career as a novelist began with the publication, in 1879, of "Won by Waiting"; but it was not until the issue of "Donovan" and "We Two," in 1882 and 1884, that she earned the popularity which, in spite of the similarity

of their general style, has attached to all her subsequent works. Miss Bayly was much beloved in Eastbourne, and, when her delicate health permitted, held a Sunday class for girls. She was the donor, also, of three fine bells to St. Saviour's Church, devoting the proceeds of "Donovan" to them, and causing them to be named after characters in her novels. Her literary work ended with the publication of "The Burges Letters" last year.

Signor Marconi affirms that he can prevent the "tapping" of his wireless messages by tuning the sending apparatus so that the message cannot be taken except by a specially sympathetic "receiver." This must be a relief to the public mind.

The late Mr. James Glaisher, who died on Feb. 7 at the age of ninety-three, was the first Superintendent of the Magnetic and Meteorological Department of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, and held the position for many years, but he was perhaps best known by reason of his series of scientific balloon ascents, which, beginning in 1862, continued for some four years. He shares with Mr. Coxwell the honour of having ascended about seven miles, the greatest height yet attained by any aeronaut.

It was during this voyage that, at five miles and three-quarters, he became insensible, his companion losing the use of his hands, and only succeeding in opening the valve with his teeth. Mr. Glaisher began his important quarterly and annual



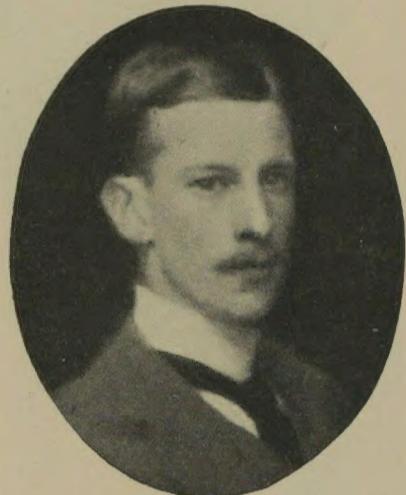
Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY,
Politician.

Meteorological Report, published by the Registrar-General, in 1841; was a member of the Royal Society for over fifty years; founded the Royal Meteorological Society, of which he was secretary for nearly twenty years and President in 1867 and 1868; and was, at various times, President of the Royal Microscopical Society, the Royal Photographic Society, and the Aeronautical Society. He was deeply interested in the work of the Palestine Exploration Fund, of which he was for twelve years chairman.

Admiral Cochrane has related in the *Times* some extraordinary details of "ragging" in the Guards. He says that supposed offences against the customs of the regiment are punished by a court-martial of subalterns, who order the offenders to be severely flogged. This grotesque indignity is inflicted upon grown men, and no attempt is made to suppress outrages which would be indecent enough if practised by schoolboys. This is Admiral Cochrane's story, of which a good deal will be heard in the House of Commons.

Charles Clements, fifth Earl of Leitrim, who is Seconder of the Address in the House of Lords, was born on June 23, 1879, the eldest son of the fourth Earl and Winifred, daughter of the second Earl of Leicester, and, like the Duke of Roxburghe, succeeded his father in 1892. After being for a time Lieutenant in the 9th Lancers, he resigned, but served in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry during the recent war. Lord Leitrim, who last year married Violet Lina, only daughter of the late Robert Henderson, of Sedgwick Park, Sussex, is Viscount Leitrim, and Baron Leitrim of Manor Hamilton, in Ireland, and Baron Clements of Kilmacrenan, County Donegal, in the United Kingdom.



THE EARL OF LEITRIM,

Seconder of the Address in the House of Lords.

From the Painting by Mr. Spencer Watson.

The Sultan is reported to be viewing the Macedonian agitation with growing uneasiness. There are rumours of a mobilisation of Turkish troops. The only guarantee of peace seems to be the disunion of the various revolutionary committees. Turkish administration in Macedonia is like Turkish administration elsewhere—incurable. But there is little doubt that the revolutionists are deliberately provoking the Turks to atrocities in order to rouse the sympathies of Europe.

At a conference of members of the Liberal party to consider the working of the Education Act, it was decided to use the power of County Councils to refuse rate aid to Voluntary schools unless half the managers were popularly elected, and the teachers were relieved from all religious tests. Lord Spencer, Mr. Sydney Buxton, and others, pointed out that this was illegal, but they were overruled by a large majority.

Mr. Ronald Henry Fulke Greville, to whom has fallen the honour of seconding the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne in the House of Commons, is the member for East Bradford. Born on Oct. 14, 1864, the eldest son of the second Baron Greville, he was educated at Rugby, and joined the 3rd Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in 1884. Two years later he was transferred to the 1st Life Guards, of which regiment he became Captain in 1892. In 1895 he contested the Barnsley Division of Yorkshire in the Conservative interest, and a year later retired from the Army. Mr. Greville is a J.P. and a D.L., and has been High Sheriff for the County of Westmeath since 1899. He married Margaret, step-daughter of Mr. William M'Ewan, in 1891.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE HON. R. H. F. GREVILLE, M.P.,
Seconder of the Address in the House of Commons.

It has been decided that the new street from Holborn to the Strand shall be called Kingsway, and that the southern end of it, which will form a crescent, shall take the name of Aldwych, in commemoration of the old Danish settlement, which came down to us in Wych Street. These names have been received with universal favour, and the County Council has gone up appreciably in the esteem of aesthetic critics.

The London streets are still paraded by processions of the "unemployed." These have such a fascination for some minds that their ranks are swelled by men in comfortable employment. A lady, whose gardener had taken a day's holiday, discovered him in a procession. A prosperous footman was detected in the same company. The magnetism of this street-walking demands the attention of philosophers.

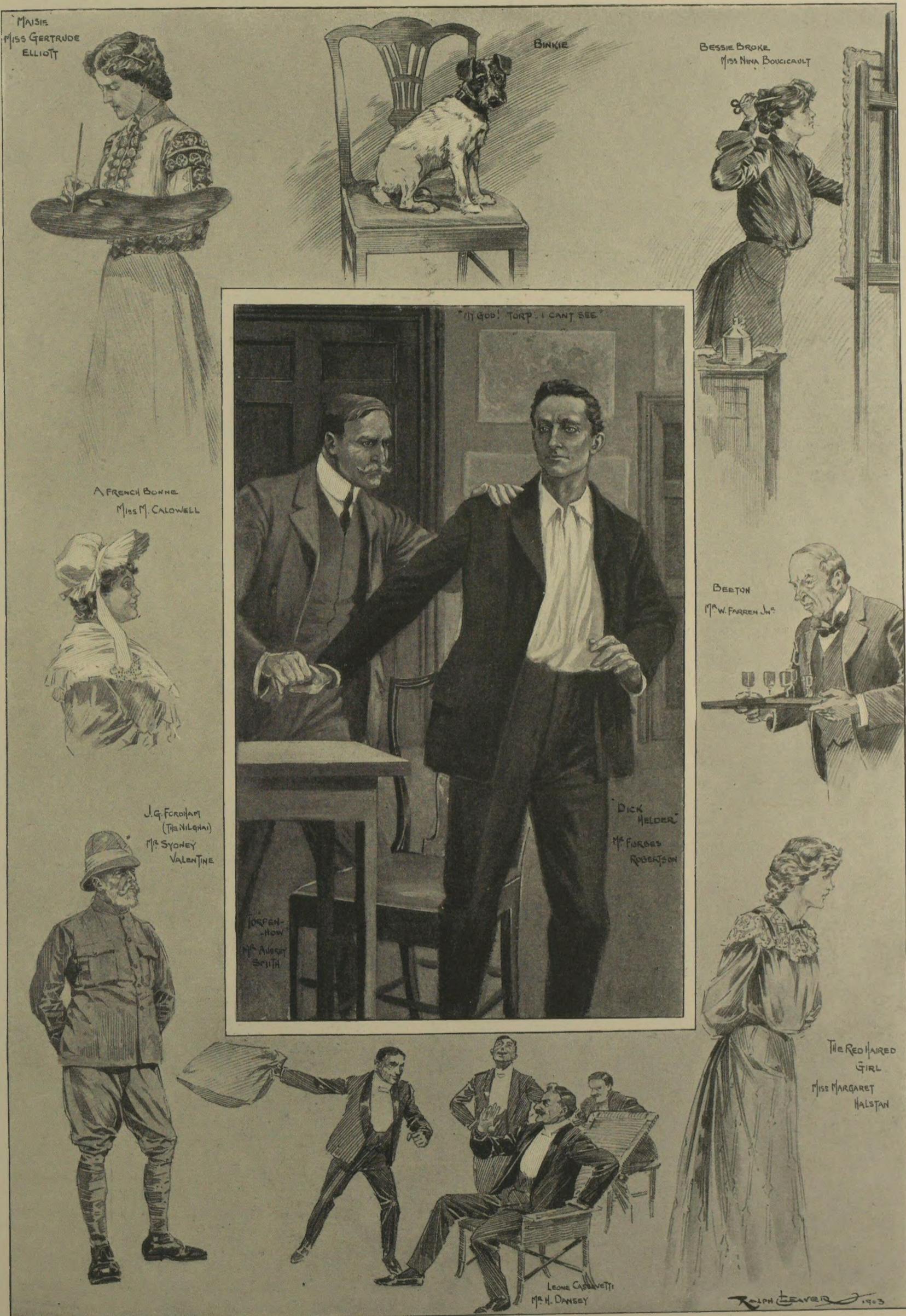


Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. JAMES GLAISHER,
Scientific Aeronaut.

KIPLING ON THE STAGE: THE ADAPTATION OF "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN THE NEW PLAY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

"*The Light That Failed*," produced on February 7, is an adaptation by "George Fleming" from Mr. Rudyard Kipling's novel. The novelist, it will be remembered, gave his readers the choice of two endings, and it is the happy one which the adapter has chosen to follow.



THE INDUSTRIAL DISTRESS IN LONDON: A PROCESSION OF UNEMPLOYED LABOURERS IN THE STRAND.

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN.

The procession of the unemployed has become a daily feature of the London streets. The demonstrators, who carry banners and are strongly guarded by police, are flanked by the bearers of collecting-boxes. The usual route of procession is from the East End to Hyde Park and back again, and it is understood that, to prevent the intrusion of unauthorised persons, tickets are checked at the start, at the turning-point, and at the return, when the proceeds of the collection are divided.



THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO: A CONVOY OF INSURGENT PRISONERS ENTERING FEZ.

DRAWN BY GABRIEL NICOLET.

With all his Western predilections, the Sultan of Morocco has retained certain barbarous customs in his treatment of prisoners, with a view to terrorising the insurgents. Heads are still nailed to the city wall, and prisoners, driven along in public by mounted guards, are linked together by heavy chains, and are sometimes attached in a long string to the horsemen.

THE MASTER-AT-ARMS' DIPLOMACY.

By EDWARD NOBLE.



Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

A MAN and a girl stood on the edge of the sands looking out through the dazzling sun-glare. Behind them Port Said lay sweltering in white heat; on the right, the slimy boulders forming the western breakwater of the desert waterway; to the left, a wide expanse of sea and shore, with the huts of Arab-town miraged wonderfully in the distance.

The girl glanced up with a half-sigh. "Faith," she said quaintly, "the sun's hot here!"

"Admitted," said the man; "but that isn't what Miss Kitty wanted me to stay behind for."

Again the girl lifted her gaze. She had marvellous eyes—blue-grey Irish eyes that look straight into the heart of a man; but she made no comment on her companion's words.

"Because," he resumed argumentatively, "a gell with eyes like yours can't help saying more than she says—if I might put it so."

Miss Kitty watched him with quivering lips. "Sure," she said, "I'd be sorry to think your friend had noticed it."

"Of course you would," the man acquiesced; "and that's why I shall be glad if you will . . . Sho! how can a chap put it? . . . Miss Kitty, I'll trouble you to slew to the s'uth'ard."

"Slew to the s'uth'ard?" she questioned, smiling now at his very evident confusion. "Turn away, you mane? Arrah! why should I turn away when Mr. Didler's spakin'?"

The Master-at-Arms considered the matter a full minute without swerving, then resumed—

"I'm a plain man," he said; "a sailor man, and I don't know a lot about things in particular; but I've garnered a few tokens in my time, and it seems to me that you and my friend William Jenks—nay, don't start and run, I mean it kind—you and Jenks are at loggerheads, cross-purposes, I think, is the word. Now, cross-purposes is a pity. They haven't any call to mix themselves up in people's affairs; they belong to polatics. I, for example, would never be at cross-purposes with any one, 'specially if she had eyes sim'lar to what you have—that is, if I was fond of them, in a manner of speaking. No more would you. I'm sure of that. . . . Hold hard there, Miss Kitty! What in hem have I said now to make you go and spoil those pretty—Sho! Miss Kitty!"

Mr. Didler walked to and fro, kicking the hot sand and giving vent to sundry not altogether polite remarks concerning his blundering; for Miss Kitty had buried her face in her hands and had certainly slewed at length to the s'uth'ard.

"If I thought," said Mr. Didler, still uncomfortably conscious of the position, "that you didn't mind cross-purposes, that you didn't mind his silly flirtations, I wouldn't say a word. If I thought it wasn't worrying you and making you careless of—of who you talk to, I wouldn't say a word. But it is worrying you, and

it is making you careless; and blow me into the middle of next week if I couldn't kick Mr. William Jenks, R.N.R., with pleasure!"

The girl unveiled her face at this, and moved towards him, holding out her hands. "Don't be cross wid him," she pleaded; "sure, he doesn't mane it."

"Why has he gone off with that Australian gell, then? Why couldn't he have shown you over the light-house?" he questioned, half in anger.

"He likes her, I suppose," she ventured.

"Not he," said the Master-at-Arms. "It's only his hemmed vanity. Why, what is there to look at in her? Nothing. Empty head, giggling answers—nothing else."

The girl glanced over her shoulder tremulously. "Whisht!" she begged; "they're coming back. We had better meet them."

The Master-at-Arms turned rapidly and glanced toward, then came back to the point. "How long have you known him?" he questioned.

"Since I was so high," she smiled, measuring some three feet from the sands.

"And—and you're fond of him?"

She glanced up, her face crimson. "That's his ring," she said softly.

The Master-at-Arms drew a long breath. "A pretty one," he said. "Will you leave it to me? No, not the ring, but the cross-purposes."

"Arrah! why will I be throublin' you?"

"Because," said Mr. Didler very gravely, "I'm the *Socotra's* lawyer-man, and have more to do with other people's lovemaking than my own."

She looked up with a tinge of merriment. "Ye're jokin' for sure," she whispered.

"Will you do what I tell you when the time comes?" he demanded.

"I will—if you promise not to say a word about it."

"Trust me," said Mr. Didler; "I've got a reputation to keep up. And when we get to Sydney you can ask me to the wedding."

"If it comes to that," she replied, a ripple of colour dyeing her face, "I'll see he has ye for his best man."

"It's a bargain," Mr. Didler asserted, and walked sedately beside her until they met the rest of the party. But Mr. William Jenks had departed toward, and his latest admirer was giggling generously with a friend.



The Master-at-Arms turned rapidly and glanced toward.

II.

Night had fallen, and the Master-at-Arms lay at ease in his bunk, when the door opened and the bo'sun appeared. He spoke slowly, like a man newly awakened from a dream.

"Didler," he said, "are you asleep?"

The Master-at-Arms turned on his elbow and switched on the light. "No," he replied, "and don't seem likely to get the chance. What the hem's wrong now?"

Jenks came over and took a seat on the edge of the settee. "I've been thinkin'," he remarked; then paused, and blew a cloud of smoke.

"Hah," said his friend, "that's news."

The bo'sun took no notice. He continued to smoke placidly, uttering the words between the puffs. "I've been thinkin', and I'm come to the conclusion that some-thin' more than ordinary is adrift with this ship. She's bewitched—that's what she is."

The Master-at-Arms scratched vigorously with a match, lighting his pipe. "And you've been a fortnight to three weeks finding that out?" he questioned. "Why, a wooden man could have told you that before we were clear of the Channel."

"Of course," said the bo'sun, "if you think it, there's truth at the back for a certainty."

"If I think it!" Mr. Didler replied disdainfully; "how could I do anything else, seeing we've got a matter of three hundred females all going out to the Colonies to find husbands?"

"Situations, Didler," the bo'sun interrupted, lifting his pipe from his lips; "servant-maids goin' to Australia to gain situations."

Mr. Didler eyed his friend with intense surprise. "I thought you had a head, Jenks," he remarked; "and knew that sometimes a name's given for halo purposes. Situations is a halo. It appeals to the imaginations of them that send them out; but, I ask you, do you think that if there wasn't a million or so men in Australia, all wanting wives, there would be such a rush for situations?"

The bo'sun ruminated, leaning against the bulkhead with his feet thrust out across the carpet. "Well," he said, "if they would wait till they get out there, I shouldn't growl; but—"

Mr. Didler took him up promptly. "Look here, my son," he said; "your education's been neglected. There's some things you are no good at. Thinking is one of them. When I was at school, they taught me, when I was put in front of a new problem, to look for the elementry facts. Now there's a problem staring at you. Three hundred women emigrating. What's the elementry fact concerning women emigrating, on board ship?"

"Flirtations," said Mr. Jenks, glancing upward and rolling his head.

"With an eye to matrimony," Mr. Didler added with a snap. "An eye for the chances in transit; an eye for the chances on landing. Depend on it, Jenks, no woman ever emigrates but what she's on the *quee-vivee* for chances; and you, being engaged, should have known it."

The two men continued to smoke in silence for some minutes; then Jenks removed his pipe, and spat thoughtfully at a moving cockroach. "That don't alter my opinion," he said; "the ship's bewitched."

"Go on," said the Master-at-Arms; "I'm listening."

The bo'sun allowed his pipe to die out, and began to speak, marking time with the stem—

"I come into my room after 'knock off's' sounded, an' there's Snuffles—my boy, you know—sittin' on my sofa, smokin' a cigarette, with his arm round a gell. A gell big enough to be his mother, she was; big enough to eat him, she was; an' never a wink of shame in her eye. 'Hello!' says I, 'what's up?' Snuffles takes out his smoke an' waves his hand. 'Beg pardon,' he says, 'are you a-speakin' to me or to one of the boys?'

"The cheek of the small nipper fair made my hair curl. I looked at him. He looks at me. I couldn't find my tongue for staggérment, so Snuffles gets up. 'Allow me to remawk,' he says, 'that isn't the way to speak to a man when he's with a lady. This lady,' he says, 'is Miss Hida-balawny—an' her brother's a toff.' 'Oh, he is, is he?' says I; 'then you take Miss Hida-balawny back to his toffship, an' yank yourself along an' fetch my tea—savvy?' Snuffles put his hand in the gell's arm, stuck his cigarette in his mouth, and shoved out his paw with a letter. 'I'm to give it to the man that blows the pipes,' he said, 'an' bullies the sailors an' jilts the gells,' he says, 'with the complements of Miss Hida-balawny's sister,' and with that the pair of them skittled out of the room.

"Didler," the bo'sun continued, rolling his head ponderously from side to side, "I don't know what to be up to. I don't know whether I ought to flay that boy, or whether I ought to report him to the Chief, or whether I ought to duck him in the wash-deck tub. I've got a nice handy little teaser that would fit across his back as well as any made rattan; and I've got a chundle-headed Dutchman for'ard that would do the hoistin'; but I'm inclined to take the matter higher. You see, I'm the bo'sun, R.N.R., wear the badge of my rank, and entitled to use a sword if I'm called upon by me country. I don't think a simple dressin' meets the case. A court-martial is what is wanted; but there's no such hinstitootion in the service. I can't masthead the little guttersnipes—got no mastheads; can't put him tarrin' down—there's nothin' to tar; can't put him chippin' ironwork—all steel. No, there's nothin' for it bar the Chief, an' that means—you know what it means, Didler."

The Master-at-Arms sat with his legs hanging over the edge of the bunk, listening apathetically to his friend's remarks. Now he broke in without ceremony. "I do," he said; "it means investigation—a thing you're not looking for. Show us that letter."

"What letter?"

"The one Snuffles gave you."

The bo'sun eyed him with some disdain. "What's that got to do with the case? It's a question of insultin' language to a sooperior officer. That's the point at issue."

"Is it?" said Mr. Didler. "Seems to me it's what's in that letter. Snuffles don't usually check you as I'm aware of."

"I see to that," said Mr. Jenks with emphasis.

"And that gell of yours that you chucked—Kitty. What's her other name?"

"Malony."

"Just so. Sister of this here Hida-balawny you're telling me of. That's another thing you haven't got, Jenks."

"Ho!" said the bo'sun. "An' what's that?"

"Analogy."

"Never heard of him," said Mr. Jenks.

"No, but I'm telling you," his friend returned. "Analogy is the science of putting two and two together and making them four—not three or six, but four; and it's a branch of your education that's been neglected."

"We weren't all bred up in college," said the bo'sun with a touch of envy.

"No," said Mr. Didler; "else you would have seen that Hida-balawny is only the Board-school annunciation for Ada Malony. Hand over that letter."

Mr. Jenks held his breath. He sat fumbling in his pocket, his lips apart, as he revolved the matter in his slower brain. "Chks!" he remarked at length, "I believe you're right." Then more certainly, "I'm sure of it—blow me if I know what I'd do without you, Didler."

"I do," said the Master-at-Arms. "You'd get your walking ticket exactly as I've told you." He reached out and took the note, opened it, and began to read. "Ha!" he remarked, "thought so. You haven't read it, I suppose?"

The bo'sun looked up shamedly. "Can't read that sort of writin'," he said; "what does it say?"

Mr. Didler returned it with an air. "Beg pardon," he said; "didn't know it was private. Here, here's a ring for you—catch hold."

The bo'sun stared, then held out his hand and took the ring, and again he stared. "It's Kitty's," he remarked after a pause. "What am I goin' to do with it?"

"Read the letter—maybe that'll tell you."

"Thought I said I can't read writin'. What is the use of talkin' tommy-rot, Didler; you know I can't read it."

"All right," said Mr. Didler; "then I will. Pass it over. Hah!" he continued, opening the note. "Third person—sounds bad, that does."

"Who's third person?" growled the bo'sun. The Master-at-Arms sniffed scornfully. "Your education's been neglected shameful," he said; "this letter is third person. When a person writes third person, it means 'stand off my corns'—and Kitty's writ it."

"Oh, she has, has she?" the bo'sun complained. "Well, I'm not standing on Kitty's corns that I know of."

"No; but you've trampled on her defections," said the Master-at-Arms, "which is worse."

"Does she say that?"

"She says: 'Miss Kitty Malony presents her compliments to Mr. William Jenks, and all is off. She returns the ring he gave her. She will have no further use for it, having agreed to join the harem of Sidout Pasha, and may you be very happy with Miss Hargreaves.'"

The bo'sun breathed hard. "She's goin' to join what?" he blurted.

"A harem, seemingly."

"That's Turkish for wife, ain't it?"

"It's the place a man keeps his wives in," Mr. Didler conceded.

"An' what's a Pasha?"

"An officer-wallah that wears a fez, smokes a bubble-bubble, and has a cage full of wives; screws their necks, too, if they play any monkey-tricks."

The bo'sun rose slowly from the settee and knocked the ashes from his pipe. "Didler," he said in a soft, strained voice, "will you lend me a hand to fetch her back?"

"Seeing you did your level best to drive her away, I supposed you wanted to be quit of her," Mr. Didler answered.

The bo'sun fumed up and down the small room. "Are you an Englishman," he cried, "an' can hear of a gell like Kitty bein' deported an' planted in a harem without turnin' a hair? Didler, I didn't think it of you. Because she an' me had a tiff, do you think I'm goin' to stand by an' see her yanked off to do dancin'-gell to a Pasha? What d'you take me for? Kitty's got eyes a man can't forget."

The Master-at-Arms climbed from his bunk and slipped on a coat. "What about Snuffles?" he questioned.

"Blow Snuffles," said Mr. Jenks. "Snuffles will keep."

"If you mean it," said Mr. Didler, "I'll come with you; and now you speak of it, I remember there was a sale on down at Francetti's rooms to-day. I shouldn't wonder if Kitty was one of the lots."

The bo'sun took the Master-at-Arms grimly by the shoulder. "No larks, you little Mollyhawk!" he cried. "Kitty sold?"

"Of course. How in hem else do you suppose they get wives in this forsaken country?"

Mr. Jenks groaned. His anger vanished; he stood now as suppliant begging for haste.

"God knows what may happen to the lass," he whispered. "I may never see her face again. My games—my foolin', if you like it better—may cost me Kitty. Get along, my son; leave or no leave, I'm goin' to find her."

"Wait a bit," said the Master-at-Arms. "It won't do for you and me to be seen leaving together. You get a brace of shooting-irons and a pocketful of cartridges—we may want 'em—and join me opposite the Café Distrangers in half an hour. I'll get along and make arrangements."

He turned on his heel and made for the gangway, and before Jenks had quite grasped the position, had descended the ladder and slipped into a boat.

III.

To some extent, Port Said had retired for the night when the bo'sun arrived at the landing. The donkey-boys were not at the head of the steps to greet him and haul him piecemeal to their more patient beasts. The soft-footed tribe of itinerant vendors, the touts and runners, were safely housed; and only in the distance, near the end of a long tier of shipping, the chant of hurrying coolies rose and fell as they climbed the planks coaling a late arrival. That and an occasional burst of laughter or song issuing from the open windows of the Casinos was the only sound to mar the utter silence of the desert township.

Jenks crossed the road, making his way to the Café des Etrangers. Here he halted outside the verandah, listening to the click of balls and the monotonous cry of the croupier as he announced the trend of the game. A light northerly breeze swept through the streets, and the bo'sun shivered despite the coat he wore over his white uniform. An hour passed. The Master-at-Arms had not returned, and the waiting man grew impatient as his thoughts reverted to Kitty's peril. Even now, as he stood there gripping the revolvers in his belt, apparently idle, apparently with no other object than mere loafing, she might be in danger—danger into which he had forced her by his abject conduct.

He turned and marched to and fro, swearing wrathfully at his folly, until at length a figure appeared advancing down the street, and he saw his friend returning. He hastened to meet him, urging the necessity for speed; but the Master-at-Arms shook him off. "Hurry!" he cried. "What the hem d' you suppose I've been doing, then—sleeping?"

"You said half an hour. It's nearer two," the bo'sun growled.

"And if it had been three," his friend returned, "it wouldn't have been long, seeing what I've had to do."

"Ah," said Mr. Jenks, somewhat mollified, "I come up all I said. What have you found out?"

The Master-at-Arms patted his clothes, and a cloud of dust arose. "I've been gaining information," he said, "lying behind the bar down at Francetti's, and I'm choked with dust. Pouff! You'll have to pay for this, William Jenks. It's a new suit down against you—that's what it means."

"I'll stand it," said his friend. "What about Kitty?"

"As I told you. Kitty's sold to Sidout Pasha, and has start—"

The bo'sun struck the ground with his foot. "She's what?" he cried.

"Started to go there."

"Started to go where?"

"For a dense 'un," said Mr. Didler, "command me to the bo'sun of the R.M.S. *Socotra*. Why, to the Pasha's. Think the Pasha buys wives for any other chap bar himself? The Pasha's not a trader—he's an epicure."

Jenks fumed up and down in the blare of lamplight. "Oh, he is, is he? I'll give him epicure, an' all the other cures if I get alongside him. Bought Kitty, has he? I'll give him buy! Goin' to take her to his harem, is he? I'll give him harem—stealin' a gell away from an Englishman same as if he's an oiled nigger! Take your gun, mate, an' lead on. Where does this here Pasha live?"

Mr. Didler pocketed the revolver. He was in no way alarmed at this outburst, but turned about, still patting his clothes.

"Good," he said; "you seem fair set, so we'll make a start. Hui-i-i!" He put his fingers to his mouth and blew a shrill call; then, while Jenks gaped about, half expecting to see the Pasha emerge from the shadows, two forlorn donkeys, driven by a stalwart Arab, turned the corner and came to meet them.

Their approach was heralded by sounding flank blows, and the voice of the driver as he hastened their footsteps. "Illy-allal!" he cried; "go 'long more jildi; plenty time for sleep-a by-an'-by. Ho! Missy Langtry, get up—no go to bed in a sand. Gen'ral Joubert, you had big feed—go 'long, Joubert. Hoy! Malim-sahib, which donekey you hab? All good, number one donekey. Bit sleepy, p'laps; but go like a debbil when a get start."

He approached the Master-at-Arms and came to a standstill. "Which you choose, Mr. Consul?" he questioned. "Lor' Kishener no would come out, so bring Gen'ral Joubert. Good donekey heim. Ohé, Malim-sahib, plenty big man—mouch heavy. Better take Missy Langtry for ride. Missy Langtry Eenglis donekey, more strong than Joubert donekey. Heim Duchman. Lie in hole if get a chance, an' no get out. Ohé, what you tink, Mr. Consul?"

The bo'sun glanced at his friend in despair. "What are we goin' to do?" he questioned. "Far to go?"

"Lord knows," said Mr. Didler. "Kitty and her consort started an hour ago down the Canal bank."

"What for?"

"To get to the Pasha's boat. What you call it, Sennacherib? Boatee go on Canal with long wing for sail?"

"Dahabeyeh—Arab dhow?"

"That's the chap—sort of house-boat, tied up below No. 1 Gare, waiting to flick her across to his island home. Get across your moke, Jenks."

The bo'sun regarded the new problem with diffidence. "I'm no good at this sort o' thing," he explained. "Never rid a donkey in my life—where'll I sit?"

"On-ee back," said Sennacherib, flourishing his stick.

The bo'sun glanced angrily over his shoulder. "Think I'm a fool?" he questioned. "What I mean is—this sort of machine has a trick of rearin'; where'll I sit so as to stop him?"

"Sit well aft," said the Master-at-Arms; "she won't kick much then."

Mr. Jenks put one leg across. When seated his feet nearly touched the ground, but he gathered them up and sighed. The donkey, recognising her place in the scheme of creation, laid her ears aslope and resigned all

notion of gymnastics, for the bo'sun was a tall man, and well made.

"Plenty good donekey," said Sennacherib with a grin. "She know Malim-sahib savvy mouch. No kick to day-a. Hola! Mr. Consul, all ready for go?"

"Aye," said Mr. Didler, mounting the general. "Let her away. Stick on, Jenks." Then without further pause they clattered down the street, skirted the harbour, and came breathless to the Canal.

Here the road trailed off into the narrow camel track which runs beside the bank all the way between Port Said and Ismailia, and for a time the two men jogged in silence. The night was dark, but lit by countless stars which shimmered in the blue vault above, and the raw desert air sung in their ears as they moved. In front lay the long straight waterway, dotted with lights and flecked by the stars; behind, the dim town they had left, asleep in the dew-like haze. Half an hour passed, then the bo'sun referred to his friend.

"How far is this Gare from Port Said?" he questioned.

"Matter of eight miles," said Mr. Didler.

"Think these donkeys will do it?"

"Aye, and more if need be. Let 'em have it, Sennacherib."

The Arab trotting at heel reminded the animals of his presence, and they moved on with renewed vigour.

"Get along!" cried the Master-at-Arms. "It's the Pasha's lot, for a dollar. Get ready your gun, Jenks; but no promiscuous shooting. Maybe we can do the trick quietly."

The bo'sun replied in terms of homicidal tendency, and sat down to ride for all he was worth. "Get us along, Sennacherib!" he shouted. "Put us alongside!"

The Arab pounded softly beside them, encouraging the animals by voice and gesture. They no longer rode in semi-darkness. The white glare swept across them, moving easily as it picked up the buoys; and the desert path was like a lighted street.

A group of flamingoes rose from the skirt of the lake, bordering the way on their right, and flapped noisily to the remoter swamps; and as the men swept onward, gaining rapidly, they saw that the party before them consisted of numbers similar to their own. Two or three donkeys were visible, perhaps as many men—certainly not more than half a dozen.

"We can wipe the ground with that lot," said Mr. Jenks. "And if Kitty's hurt I'll do it."

"It's them," said Mr. Didler. "Hear that?"

They rode a moment in silence.

"Hear what?" cried the bo'sun, fuming.

"Someone shouting for help! Kitty, perhaps. Come on, Sennacherib!"

"A dollar," cried the bo'sun, with grim accentuation, "a dollar if I reach 'em first!"

The donkey-boys grinned deprecatingly. "No got Pasha here, Mr. Consul," they said.

The bo'sun turned to the girl. "Which is the chap that bought you?" he reiterated. "Point him out while I let daylight into him."

Kitty threw her arms about his neck. "I—I—thought you would be glad to get rid of me," she sobbed. "The Pasha isn't here—sure, he's on his island."

The bo'sun surveyed the group with a grim smile. "I've got to shoot someone," he said. "Speak up; which of you's the boss?"

"No one boss, Mr. Consul. All donekey-boy togezzer. That my boss over there." The men pointed in unison at Sennacherib, who had advanced gingerly to the outskirts.

"So you're in it, are you?" growled Mr. Jenks, facing the panting driver. "What in Moses do you mean?"

"Man come-a me," Sennacherib explained glibly. "Tellee we want three, four good donekey—three, four good nigger-boy, to take a lady ride up Canal. I send out boys an' donekey alle same, you see—now you make bobbery."

"Hold hard!" cried the bo'sun. "What man did that?"

Sennacherib turned his eyes sheepishly towards Mr. Didler, but that astute gentleman at once intervened: "Sidout Pasha, a chap that lives on his island



The men pointed in unison at Sennacherib, who had advanced gingerly to the outskirts.

"You said that Kitty was sold," said the bo'sun after a while. "How did it come about that she got in the way of bein' sold?"

Mr. Didler considered his reply for some minutes, then said: "You've heard, I suppose, of gells committing suicide when they've been jilted, haven't you? And you know there's a sort of sale-room yonder, where a gell can always be passed along if she has a mind. Well, that was Kitty's way out. She was sick of living and didn't care to watch you philandering all the way to Sydney—so she threw up the sponge."

Mr. Jenks sighed. "Poor gell," he said; "I never knew she was so fond of me."

"No," said his friend; "it's not the man a girl's engaged to that sees the worth of her—it's generally another chap."

"A mail-ship's officer," said the bo'sun apologetically, "has so many detractions. I own I fell away; but I think Kitty will overlook it."

"No doubt," replied his friend.

A gleam of white light sprang out of the distance and spread in an inverted cone across the desert. Then it swerved to the eastward and only the edge of it touched the sands where they rode. The men pulled down the peaks of their caps, shading their eyes.

"A ship getting under way at the Gare," said Mr. Didler. "Come along, Jenks."

The horizon opened out as they climbed the bank, and they saw the white searchlight of an advancing steamer flickering on the waters of the Canal. Every buoy and mile-post stood out now in bold relief, and in the distance there appeared a group of figures hurrying along the track.

They lay forward on the donkeys, riding with their heels, and the Arab raced behind.

"Puts me in mind of August Bank Holiday," said Mr. Didler, "on Margit sands."

"But with somethin' to race for," said his friend. "It's Kitty, sure as guns! What ho! Stop her! Chuck up your hands, or I'll shoot you like rats!"

"Go easy with that iron," growled the Master-at-Arms. "You might hit her."

"An' me an R.N.R.?" said Mr. Jenks. "Stash it!"

A faint cry came from the plunging group, now only a short distance ahead. It was evident they had halted, and a girl's voice joined in the clamour. The bo'sun's donkey leaped into a gallop and passed his comrade. "They're hurtin' her," said Jenks. "I'm goin' to shoot."

"Overhead, then," cried his friend.

"Right, my son."

A sharp report rang out, and in a moment the group had drawn together, all holding up their hands and shouting for mercy.

"That fetched 'em," said Mr. Jenks, riding grimly in advance and pointing his revolver. "Any-one," he roared, "that wants a new button in his shirt-front can have it by moving. Any nigger not holding up his hands is hankerin' after his coffin. Is that Kitty?"

A fluttering cry, half sob, half laugh, fell upon their ears as they dashed up; and in another minute the bo'sun had his arm round the girl and was glaring at her cringing escort.

"Which of you's the Pasha?" he roared.

down away. You heard what was said as well as I did," he replied.

"If it wasn't the Pasha himself," said Kitty, "it must have been his agent."

"His dragoman," Mr. Didler suggested.

Sennacherib took his wits in hand, salamaming profoundly. "Plenty mouch sorry, Mr. Consul," he said; "one time I forget. Ze man that ask for donekey, callum Hafiz Bey."

The bo'sun turned wearily to Kitty. "I'm gettin' mixed," he said. "Seems there's to be no shootin' this trip."

"After all," Kitty suggested, "you have me safe; sure, it doesn't matter about anything else."

"I should like to shoot something," said Mr. Jenks savagely.

"Kiss me instead," said Kitty.

"I will," said he, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

Dawn was creeping slowly into the eastern sky when they reached the *Socotra's* gangway. Here the bo'sun stole forward to see if the coast was clear, and in his absence Kitty took the Master-at-Arms' hand.

"Ye did that fine," she whispered, smiling. "I sha'n't forget."

"As good as a sherade," said Mr. Didler complaisantly. "It will be a lesson to Mr. William Jenks."

"How?" said Kitty.

"The donkeys and etceteras will run into two pound," Mr. Didler replied, "besides which he owes me for a new suit—call it three-pun'-ten."

THE END.

THE REMOVAL OF THE PROHIBITION ON THE IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN CATTLE:
SCENES ON ARGENTINE RANCHES.



1. SHEEP OF THE "LINCOLN PURAS" VARIETY.
2. MERINOS OF "EMPEROR" BREED.

3. AN ARGENTINE FARM HOUSE AND GARDEN, WITH TAME LLAMAS.

4. THE MERINO "EMPEROR."

5. MILKING AN "OXFORDSHIRE DOWN" IN BUENOS AIRES.

6. PURE PEDIGREE "HEREFORDSHIRES" AT BUENOS AIRES.

7. ARGENTINE SHEEP AND CATTLE SHEDS.

8. AN ARGENTINE FARM-HOUSE.

9. THE PRIZE BULL "CASH BOX."

10. THE PRIZE BULL "MAIDSTONE," NEVER BEATEN IN ENGLAND.

Although it is usual to speak about the importation of Argentine cattle, the import of sheep from that country is by far the larger transaction. In 1899, to take a typical year, 105,500 head of Argentine cattle were brought into Great Britain, as against 520,000 sheep.

THE "ORWELL" BEFORE THE COLLISION.

THE "ORWELL" AFTER THE COLLISION.



THE DISASTER TO THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "ORWELL": THE DAMAGED VESSEL LYING IN CORFU HARBOUR.

After the collision, the "Orwell" was towed to Corfu Harbour, and was berthed alongside H.M.S. "Tyne," where she was lying when our photographs were taken. On January 30 H.M.S. "Pioneer" carried away the whole of the "Orwell's" fore-part, and fifteen men lost their lives.

A WONDERFUL 3-IN. QUICK-FIRING GUN: THE TRIALS OF MESSRS. VICKERS, SONS, AND MAXIM'S NEW WEAPON BEFORE GENERAL MILES.
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Herrick's "Hesperides." Two Vols. (London: George Newnes, 6s.)
Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque. Edgar Allan Poe. (London: George Newnes, 3s. 6d.)
The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By George Gissing. (London: Constable, 6s.)
Sacrilege Farm. By Mabel Hart. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)
By a Finn, &c. By Paul Waineman. (London: Methuen, 6s.)
Anthea's Way. By Adeline Sergeant. (London: Methuen, 6s.)
The Henchman. By Mark Lee Luther. (New York: Macmillan, 6s.)
In Clarissa's Day. By Sarah Tytler. (London: Chatto and Windus, 6s.)
Wellington's Lieutenants. By Alexander Innes Shand. (London: Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.)
Mallet du Pan. By Bernard Mallet. (London: Longmans, Green, 12s. 6d.)
Paris in 1789-91. By John Goldworth Alger. (London: George Allen, 12s. 6d.)

Herrick, of all the lyric poets, seems to call for a dainty setting, as far as type, format, and binding go. But the volume must not in appearance be too precious and latter-day. Rather should it convey some faint flavour of an older time.

These requirements have been admirably met by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, in their delightful little two-volume edition of the tuneful parson's "Hesperides," which adds yet another treasure to the same publisher's series of classical reprints. Equally artistic and appropriate is the setting they have given to a new edition of Edgar Allan

Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque." The covers and title-pages are designed with appropriate symbolism, and the edition of Poe is further enriched with a fine portrait of the author. The illustrations in the body of the Herrick are, unfortunately, less satisfactory.

"The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" is fiction; not biography, as the title might lead us to expect. Mr. Gissing has imagined a journalist—a scholar and a man of independent and rather scornful outlook, broken in health, and beset by poverty and other circumstances unpropitious to mental work—suddenly, at the age of fifty, released from toil by the legacy of a life annuity of three hundred pounds, and settling down for the few remaining years of his life in Devon, the part of England which he loved best. On quitting London he said farewell to authorship; but from time to time, as humour bade him, he would set down a thought, a reminiscence, a bit of reverie, a description of his state of mind, and so on—all without restraint, an intimate revelation of himself. Such are the private papers of Henry Ryecroft. Whether recollections of the days of stress and struggle in London, or reflections on the changed mode of life now opened to him, or gossip about books and pictures, scraps of botany, or criticism of our England and of the present-day Englishman, they are always delightful and suggestive. A chastened regret runs through them. The writer loves the old. The new, the discoveries of science even, leave him indifferent and often disaffected. Sadness tinges them: for was not life over for the man who wrote them, and did he not look back upon a youth deprived by poverty of its birth-right of full living? He has nothing to say in defence of poverty. "When I think," he writes, "of all the sorrow and the barrenness that have been wrought in my life by want of a few more pounds per annum than I was able to earn, I stand aghast at money's significance." But these papers are often sunny also, and never bitter; and they are written in fine English, without affectation, and always with a right choice of word and phrase.

"Sacrilege Farm," from the pen of Mabel Hart, is a tragic story, by no means devoid of merit; but it suffers much from the cumbersome form in which the writer has chosen to narrate it. Why abandon the unquestioned omniscience of the author in favour of a third person—commonly uninteresting—who has to explain his every action and account minutely for his presence in unlikely places? Such a method is necessarily tedious, and robs the narrative of its full effect. It says much for "Sacrilege Farm" that, in spite of these drawbacks, the story is still powerful and impressive. The tragic destiny of the Silvesters affects all the few characters, in its evolution as in its fulfilment, and there is no side issue to distract the reader and minimise its horror. Indeed, we do not advise nervous and timid persons to attempt this story, unless it be in broad daylight. There is something sinister and horrible in the picture of the terrible, debauched old man and his stricken and hopeless nephew. Indeed, the narrator, a good-hearted country servant, is the only person who moves sanely and naturally in a realm turned topsy-turvy by passion, drink, and destiny.

There is no more common or tiring fault in a novel than the obtrusion of local colour. On the other hand a great pleasure is afforded by a novel the scene of which is laid in a foreign country, when the characteristic manners and customs and appearances of that country are exhibited without being forced, in the natural development of the story. This pleasure has been ours in reading Mr. Paul Waineman's "By a Finnish Lake." We have here a picture, or rather a series of pictures, of life in the country parts of North Finland, drawn with force and refinement, very simple and fresh, and we should say very true. It is remarkable with how little effort this full picture has been contrived. Both the Parsonage and Torgvik Castle are charmingly presented. But the value of Mr. Waineman's novel does not lie in the setting alone. He has a story to tell, and he tells it in a striking manner. His incisive power in the delineation of character is shown in the portrait of the pastor, while the pastor's wife, Selma, and Fröken Louisa Silverhorn are most sympathetically done. Moreover, a smart chapter, with the scene laid at the harbour of Helsingfors, shows that the author is capable of managing a larger canvas. Altogether, there goes to the making of this simple story a variety of gifts (of which the chief is for placing characters in a proper atmosphere) that the writers of many more pretentious books may well envy.

The reasons which led Miss Adeline Sergeant to entitle her latest story "Anthea's Way" must doubtless have seemed to her both good and sufficient, and yet to the average observer the most striking feature about that "way"—the fact Anthea liked to have it—seems commonplace enough! Miss Sergeant has the skill that is born of long practice, and it is this *savoir faire*, more than any merit of plot or characterisation, that lends interest to her story. For, leaving Anthea's wilfulness out of account, the treatment is of the comfortable, conventional sort. We can conjure up no belief in the hero's supposed villainy, and but little interest in the various obstacles which block the course of true love for a while: their very presence seems to indicate a happy ending. Nevertheless, there is, given a certain frame of mind, something very attractive in this type of book; it is pleasant to reflect that for once we are not called upon to read riddles, vex our souls with problems, or addle our poor brains in the cult of the recondite epigram. Miss Sergeant asks from her readers none of these things; those who are so disposed can pass a couple of hours in very tolerable company and profit by the shrewd commonsense which characterises the writer's point of view.

Mr. Luther has written a novel about the politics of New York State. He traces the career of a public man in Tuscarora County who is elected to the State Legislature, rises to be Governor, and is in a fair way to be nominated for the Presidency. Ross Shelby misses this crown of fortune because he develops an honest fibre hopelessly out of touch with the "spoils" system. Mr. Luther has drawn this character with considerable skill. Shelby refutes the maxim that you cannot touch pitch without being defiled, for he wins an election by unblushing bribery, commends himself to the party "Boss" as a safe man, and then grows in public spirit so far above the moral level of that consummate manager that he is set down at last as "an admirable fool." There is nothing arbitrary in this process of emancipation; and we may add, for the benefit of English readers unfamiliar with the politics of New York State, this novel is not of the

great Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, Pope, and Sir Robert Walpole, will be pleased to improve her acquaintance with them in the pages of fiction. For, although as a whole the story is not particularly exhilarating, this part of the work is well done: these great personages fit into their places naturally and easily. They rage and scold, or smile and condescend, just as the spirit moves them, very much as they did while still in the flesh. One cannot but pity a little the two fair damsels who, on a visit to London for their pleasure, fell in with Lady Mary, and, allowing themselves to be inoculated to suit her Ladyship's whim, and to benefit mankind at large, were rewarded only by forgetfulness and desertion. Still, the little incident led to a meeting with Caroline of Anspach, and affords the reader a passing glimpse of her husband, the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Shand gives us excellent sketches of the British commanders who served under Wellington—notably, Hill, Crauford, and Picton. Lord Hill was the lieutenant in whom the victor of the

Peninsular War had most confidence.

He is more like the type of British General we

know than any of his contemporaries.

Crauford and Picton seem

like war-dogs

of a much older school—the

school that pre-

vailed when the

British army

swores terribly

in Flanders.

Mr. Shand

records only one

occasion when

Hill was known

to utter "a big,

big D," and

then Wellington

professed

much alarm,

and said to his

staff, "Gentle-

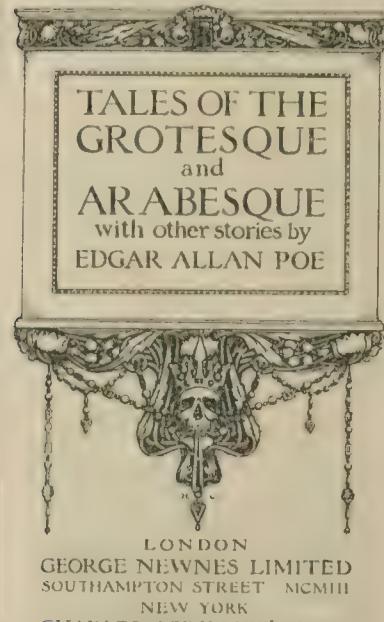
men, if Hill

begins to swear,

we must go!"

Crauford was a fiery, impetuous spirit, who flogged defaulters without mercy, and had a renown for evil temper, which was forgotten when he fell mortally wounded on the glacis at Ciudad Rodrigo. Wellington described Picton on first acquaintance as "a foul-mouthed devil." He might have been a character out of Smollett. When he snatched a little rest in the intervals of battle, he wore a red cotton night-cap; and there is a droll story of his springing to arms early one morning still wearing this headgear, and leading his men to the charge while they shouted with laughter at his quaint appearance. When he fell at Waterloo it was found that he had already been badly hurt at Quatre Bras, and had gone into his last action with several broken ribs. It was a glorious end for the indomitable old warrior.

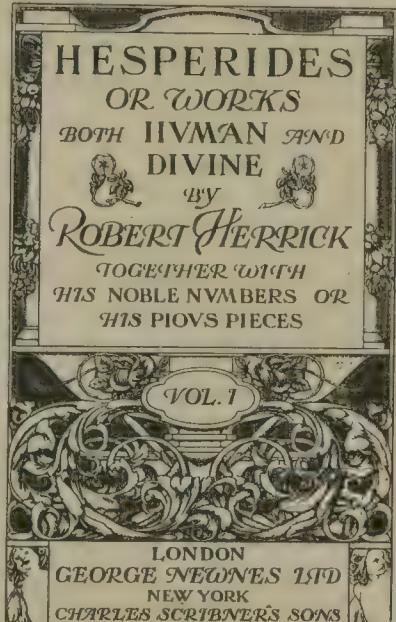
Two books on the French Revolution very different in character, each well worthy of attention, and merely coupled together because they have appeared before the public during the present season, are, if we mistake not, the only considerable additions to the history of the Revolution during the last few months—if we except, that is, the editions of Carlyle recently published by Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Rose. The interest of the life of Mallet du Pan by his descendant, Mr. Bernard Mallet, lies in the fact that it is the only complete presentation of the character that has ever been put before English readers. It must not be forgotten that the English public is one peculiarly suited to appreciate the Swiss journalist's personality. With his religion our public is already in sympathy; with his political philosophy the liberalism of this later England is also in touch. His immixture into the politics of a foreign country, and special services to a small and perhaps treasonable minority do not shock us as they shock the French. It needs none of that special pleading (which Taine was compelled to use) if one would render the character sympathetic to Englishmen. Favourable as the conditions are, it is remarkable with what excellence Mr. Mallet has accomplished his task. It is not only that he naturally has access to family documents, or that he has a laudable hero-worship for an ancestor. It is also that he has maintained throughout the three hundred and a half pages of this volume a wonderful equanimity of judgment; very rare in critics and biographers who touch the period. It is the quality, if we may say so without impertinence, which Mallet du Pan himself would have been the first to admire. Dr. Alger's book is remarkable chiefly for the industry with which his mass of facts has been collected. It would not be equally true to say that they have been perfectly digested, but it is true that the book is a kind of quarry which all future historians of the Revolution, writing in our language, will turn to. In this connection we have some quarrel with the author that he has appended no index save one of names. It is really a loss, and we hope that if the book reaches a second edition, a full and complete index, worthy of so much erudition, may be added. A blemish upon the merits of the book which we have been praising is the map which forms the frontispiece; not that the map is inaccurate, but that the redrawing of it has been somewhat carelessly done. For instance, there is no evidence of the Jacobin Club or of the Cordeliers, and the site of the Riding-School, though slightly indicated, is not referred to by any letter or number.



A NEW EDITION OF POE:

THE TITLE-PAGE.

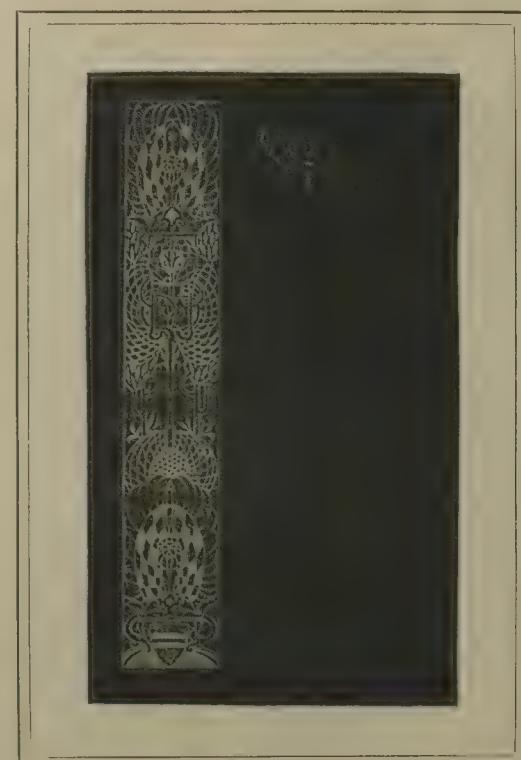
Reproduced by permission of the Publishers.



A NEW EDITION OF HERRICK:

THE TITLE-PAGE.

Reproduced by permission of the Publishers.



A NEW EDITION OF POE: THE COVER.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Limited.

class that may be described as meritorious and dull. It is written with great vivacity, and gives a most amusing picture of social life in New Babylon, N.Y., especially of that "Culture Club," which no American town, small or great, can live without.

To those who do not object to a haphazard blending of the real and the imaginary, "In Clarissa's Day," by Sarah Tytler, will prove itself acceptable. The moderately well-read girl, who already knows something of the

THE PRACTICE OF "RAGGING" IN THE ARMY.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A SUBALTERNS' BURLESQUE COURT-MARTIAL.

"*You are accused of being an incorrigible idiot: how say you, are you guilty or not guilty?*"

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: THE BRITISH EXPEDITION AGAINST THE EMIR OF KANO.



THE PANING PLATE AT ROSA.

A TRANSPORT OFFICER ISSUING IDENTIFICATION TICKETS TO CARRIERS FOR KANO.

"WOODING" A NIGER STEAMER AT SOKUN.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE AT LOKOJA: THE MARCH PAST OF THE WEST AFRICAN FIELD FORCE.

RIVER TRANSPORT FOR THE KANO EXPEDITION: THE GOVERNMENT YACHT "EMPEROR" PROCEEDING TO LOKOJA TO EMBARK TROOPS.

THE NIGERIAN VILLAGE SCAVENGER: A WEST AFRICAN VULTURE.

A TROPHY OF THE RECENT YOLA EXPEDITION: A GEN CAPTURED FROM THE NATIVES IN 1902.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE AT LOKOJA: THE DRUM-AND-FIFE BAND OF THE WEST AFRICAN FIELD FORCE.

NATIVE RECRUTS FOR KANO: HAUSSAS WAITING TO BE ENLISTED FOR THE EXPEDITION.

ON THE NIGER ABOVE LOKOJA: FLOOD MARKS ON THE BANKS, SHOWING THE EXTRAORDINARY FALL OF THE RIVER.

A QUIET CORNER IN SOKUN, A NIGERIAN VILLAGE: NOTE THE RAISED FOWL-HOUSE INTO WHICH POULTRY ARE DRIVEN AT NIGHT FOR PROTECTION FROM WILD ANIMALS.

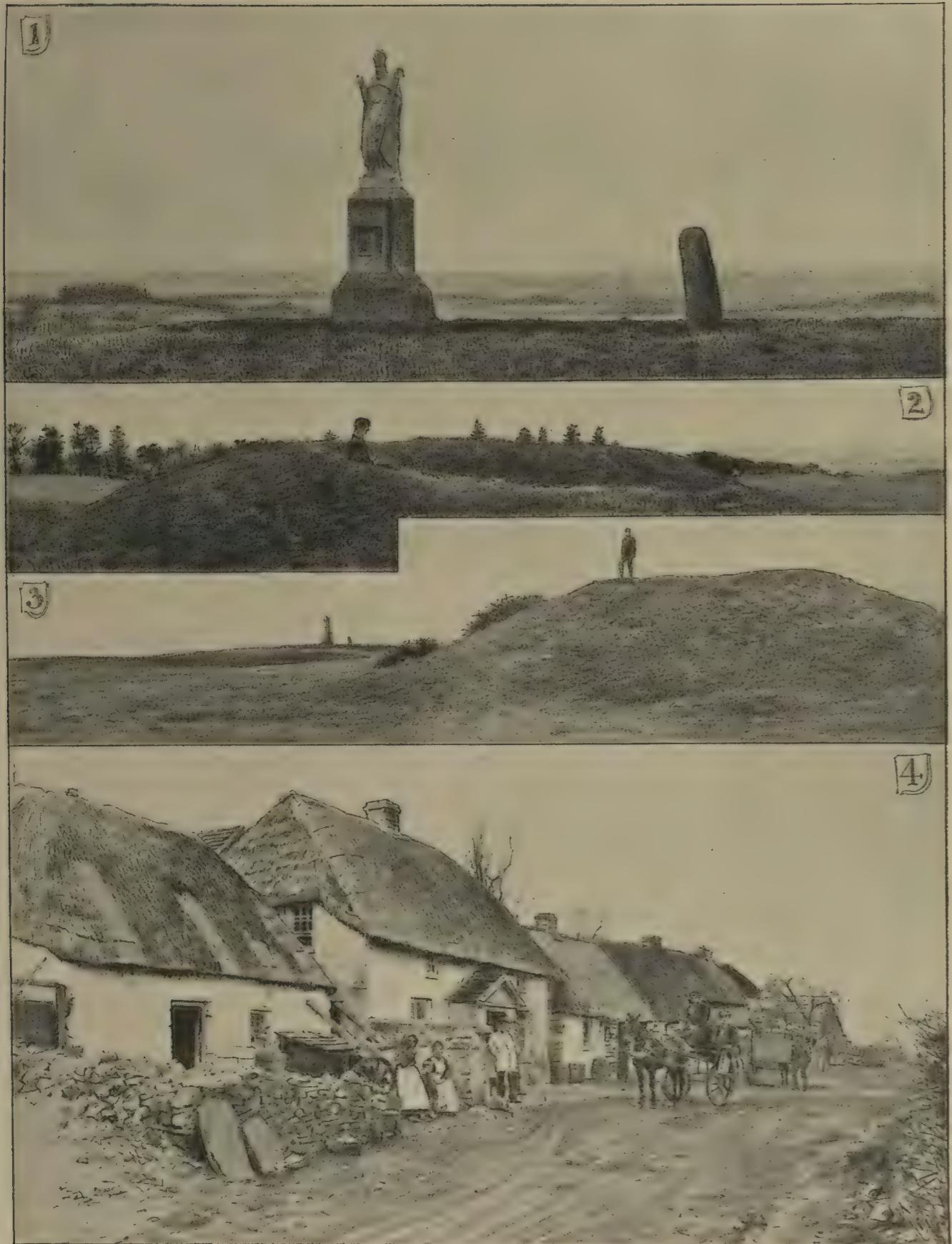
STARTING CAMPS ON THE RADING.



PEACE AT LAST: PHEASANTS IN THE CLOSE TIME.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

Pheasant-shooting ended on the first day of the present month. February field sports are discussed in an article upon our Chess page.

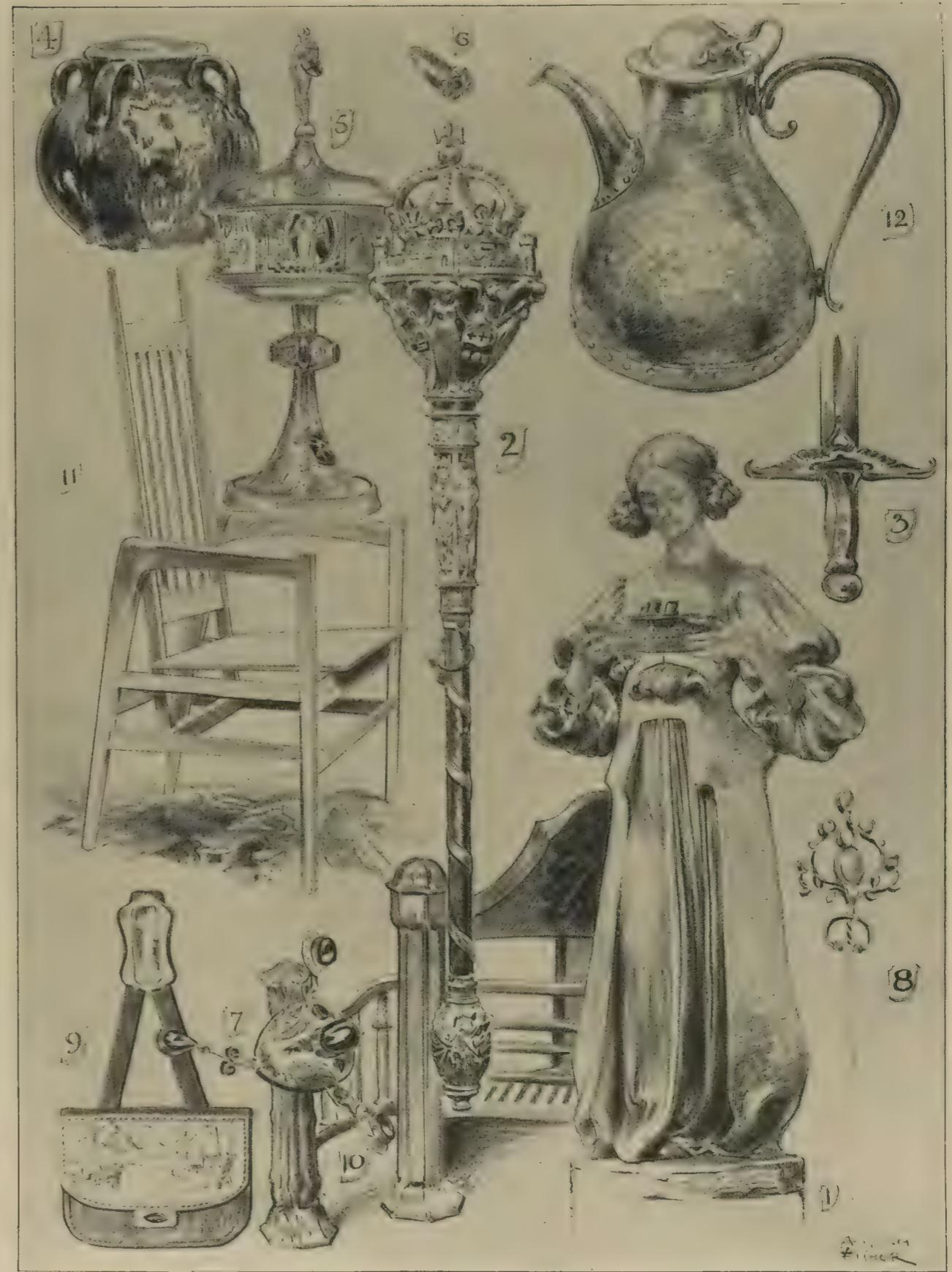


1. CROPPIES' (IRISH REBELS') GRAVE, TARA HILL.
2. THE CORONATION CHAIR ON THE HILL.

3. THE MOUND OF THE HOSTAGES ON TARA HILL.
4. TARA VILLAGE.

THE SALE OF THE HILL OF TARA FOR £3700, FEBRUARY 5.
DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE.

The Hill of Tara, which is situated in County Meath, came under the hammer owing to the death of the owner. The site of the great hall of the Irish Kings has lately been ruthlessly dug and trenched by certain vandals who believe that the Ark of the Covenant is buried there. The mounds are said to mark the position of the ancient buildings.



1. Part of the 'Decoration of Lloyd's Registry,' by G. Frampton, R.A.
2. Model for a Municipal Mace in Silver-Gilt and Enamel, by
Walter Crane.
3. Hilt of the "Sword of True Heart," Designed by Walter Crane and
Executed by Nelson Dawson.
4. Large Four-Handled Jar, Designed and Executed by E. B. Fishley,
a Devonshire Octogenarian Potter.
5. Sir Galahad Cup. Silver, Enamelled and Chased, and Set with Lapis
6. Jewellery, by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Gaskin.
7. Lady's Bag, with Embossed Silver Mounts, by Charles H. Emanuel.
8. Wrought Iron and Brass Grate, Designed by C. J. H. Cooper
and W. H. Ansell, and Made by Longden and Co.
9. Arm-Chair, by F. Müntzer.
10. Silver Teapot, by A. Newey.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.
DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF INDIVIDUAL EXHIBITORS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

There are those among us who can well recollect the advent of Darwin's great work, "The Origin of Species." They can remember the intense excitement with which its tenets were discussed. These were stirring times indeed, intellectually speaking. Men of all shades of opinion rushed into the fray. "Apostolic blows and knocks" were freely given and received; and, as Hudibras put it, the noise of "pulpit, drum ecclesiastick," in particular, was heard throughout the length and breadth of every civilised land.

The history of human thought reveals a singular likeness in the process of the enunciation of any great doctrine. There is first misconception of its meaning; there is alarm for the possible effects it may exert or produce on established beliefs; and there is finally criticism, of reasonable kind, and the gradual fitting-in of the doctrine—its dovetailing, so to speak—into the great scheme and mass of knowledge. The theory of evolution has not been alone in respect of its stormy passage through controversial waters—often muddy enough—to the quiet haven in which it finds itself established to-day. Men, for example, thought once upon a time that this world was the centre of the universe. They imagined the sun and planets revolved around the earth, which was fixed, and whose foundations could not be moved. The rotundity of the globe was denied, and the Ptolemaic conception of the earth as the one important planet held sway unquestioned for many a year. When the Copernican view began to be elaborated, placing the sun as the head and centre of the solar system, and making the earth a small and subsidiary orb, a great revolution began. The whole conception of the universe was upset. Mental chaos reigned supreme, and by way of remedy, the usual martyrdoms were practised to prevent men of science from propagating views of inconvenient kind. This much all history confirms.

But the world in time settled down calmly and quietly to consider the new order of things. It soon grew accustomed to the Copernican astronomy. The voyaging of men hither and thither proved the roundness of the globe, and every child lisps in its lessons to-day what was the heterodoxy of yesterday. Very much the same story has to be told of the doctrine of evolution. Denounced and spurned once, it is now preached from pulpits, and its leading idea is used in science everywhere, from biology to exegesis, by way of explaining the development and the becoming of things. Charles Darwin has passed that bourn whence no traveller returns; but his coadjutor, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, is still with us. Mr. Herbert Spencer is alive, having completed his monumental work. Huxley, the great expositor of evolution, has finished his labours; but we have still with us younger naturalists, all eagerly adding to our stores of knowledge, and perfecting through criticism, as well as through discovery, the view of the gradual development of all things.

Very interesting is the record lately published by Dr. Wallace of his share in the promulgation of the theory of evolution. In a recent article he tells the story of his independent formulation of the idea of natural selection as the main cause of that variation among living things which is the backbone of evolutionary ideas. Before Darwin, of course, the notion of the evolution of living beings through one species by variation giving origin to other and new species had been mooted. Aristotle had some glimmerings of the truth. Buffon (and more especially Lamarck) had clearly defined views of the general process of development; and Robert Chambers, in that book which so long remained anonymous, the "Vestiges of Creation," showed forth the essential features of the doctrine. Darwin and Wallace applied the special factor of natural selection to the process of living development. This was their particular contribution to the theory—that of giving what appeared to be a true cause of evolution, and the marking out of a factor or power which in its operation produced the varied array of living forms.

The interest here is the simultaneous conception of this doctrine or phase of evolution by two independent minds. We read that Darwin and Russel Wallace first met in the insect-room of the British Museum in the year 1854. Both had been travellers in search of scientific knowledge. Wallace had been exploring in the Malay Archipelago. In 1855 he published a paper on the law regulating the introduction of new species. This was written in Borneo in 1854. Darwin had been working at the same problem. For years he had been storing up and accumulating facts, and it became necessary to bring the facts into orderly array by means of a theory which should connect them as a string connects a necklace of pearls. Wallace's paper was sent to Darwin, and was duly acknowledged. Darwin himself had formulated his views about evolution, it appears, in 1842, a year before his theory of coral reefs appeared, and in 1844 his ideas had been extended to many pages of manuscript.

In 1858, Wallace's opinions had been fully formed. He submitted them to Darwin, who, acting on the advice of Lyell and Hooker, recommended their publication. It was at the Linnaean Society, on July 1, 1858, that Darwin's paper was read; while at the same meeting Wallace's views were duly brought to the notice of the world. Here, then, was a remarkable circumstance of the independent formulation of views that have revolutionised the science of biology. Wallace claims that he stimulated Darwin to the publication of his work. That is a very modest claim indeed. The world of science, however, recognises that Wallace's share in the exposition is coequal in importance with that of Darwin, who fully appreciated the labours of his distinguished colleague.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.
H. I. T (Penrose Street, S.E.).—The object of play in chess is to mate your opponent's King, and whether this be done by capturing his forces in detail or carrying the fortress by assault must always be at the choice, and the ability, of the player.

HERBERT A. SALWAY.—Thanks for problem and letter, by the light of which the problem shall be considered.

A. W. DANIEL.—We hope to make use of both problems in due course.

THREE LESLIE PLAYERS.—The answer to your letter is to play 1. Q to Kt 2nd.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3054 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chili); of No. 3058 from Shiva Bax (Indore); of No. 3060 from Shiva Bax, Charles Stokes (Cape Town), and Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3063 from Ichabod, Charles Field Junior (Athol, Mass.), and Frank W. Atchison (Crowthorne); of No. 3064 from F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Frank W. Atchison, and G. C. B.; of No. 3065 from W. M. Eglington (Birmingham), A. G. Pancsova, G. C. B., Charles Burnett, C. W. Porter (Crawley), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3066 received from Lieutenant-Colonel P. J. Damania, F. Henderson (Leeds), Reginald Gordon, Rev. A. Mays (Bath), F. W. Campsie, C. W. Porter (Crawley), L. Desanges, F. J. S. (Hampstead), E. J. Winter-Wood, H. Morris (Clifton), Shadforth, W. A. Lillicoe (Edinburgh), R. Worts (Canterbury), Charles Burnett, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Martin F. Albert Wolff (Putney), H. Le Jeune, G. C. B., Edith Corser (Reigate), George H. Kelland (Jersey), Sorrento, A. R. Warner, F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), Hereward, T. Roberts, and George Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS received from Charles Stokes (Cape Town), H. Morris (Clifton), Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon), Shiva Bax (Indore), and A. F. Hanks (Bombay).

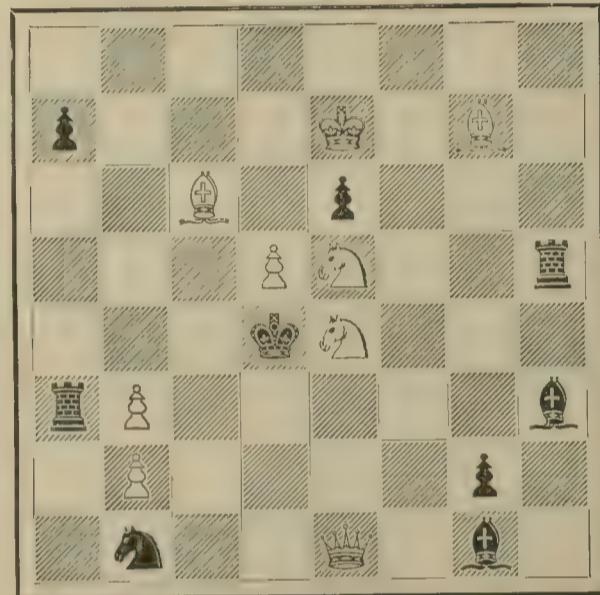
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3065.—BY HERBERT A. SALWAY.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 2nd	Kt takes Kt
2. Q to Q 5th (ch)	Kt takes Q
3. P takes Kt, Mate.	

If Black play 1. B takes R, 2. Q to Kt 8th (ch); if 1. P to Q 4th, 2. R to K 5th (ch); if 1. Kt takes R, 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch); if 1. K to B 2nd, 2. Q to Kt 7th (ch); if 1. Kt to K 2nd, 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch); and if 1. any other, then 2. Q takes Kt (ch), and Queen mates next move.

PROBLEM NO. 3068.—BY F. W. WYNNE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played between Messrs. H. Wolf and J. Mieses.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	17. B to R 6th (ch)	K to B 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	18. P to Q B 4th	B to B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	19. B to Q 2nd	
4. P to Q 4th			

It is dangerous to question such a generally useful move as P to Q 4th in the opening, but White gives Black's Queen's Bishop rather free scope. He could play Kt to K 2nd, followed by Kt to Kt 3rd, P to Q 3rd, with a good but rather close game.

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
4. P takes P	Kt to B 3rd	20. P takes B	B to Kt 3rd
5. Kt takes P	P to Q 4th	21. B to B 3rd	R takes R
6. P to K Kt 3rd	P takes P	22. R takes K	R to Kt sq
7. B to Kt 2nd		23. B to Kt 5th	
8. Kt takes Kt			

If 22. B to B 8th, B to R 3rd, and White dare not play B takes P because of the pin by R to K sq.

White gets an advantage here, as his opponent, after exchanges, is left with a poor position. Kt takes Kt, followed by P to K 5th, might yield a better result for Black.

8. Q takes Q (ch)
9. K takes Q
10. Kt takes P
11. B takes Kt
12. B to K 3rd
13. B to Q 3rd
14. K to K 2nd
15. K R to Q sq.
16. B to Q B 4th

8. Q takes Kt (ch)
9. P takes Kt
10. Kt takes Kt
11. B to Kt 2nd
12. P to K B 4th
13. P to B 4th
14. P to Kt 3rd
15. P to Kt 3rd
16. B to Q 4th

9. P takes P
10. P takes P
11. P to Q 3rd
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd
13. B to B 2nd
14. Kt to Q 4th

9. P takes P
10. P takes P
11. P to Q 3rd
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd
13. B to B 2nd
14. Kt to Q 4th

10. P takes P
11. P to Q 3rd
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd
13. B to B 2nd
14. Kt to Q 4th

10. P takes P
11. P to Q 3rd
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd
13. B to B 2nd
14. Kt to Q 4th

11. P takes P
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Press, Science, & Famous Contemporaries upon Odol.

WITH a unanimous voice, such as has not been recorded in any instance during recent decades and with reference to any other industrial product, have the Press, Science, and personages holding the highest positions in Society passed their verdict upon the unique efficacy of Odol.

Below we beg leave to publish, with the expression of our most grateful appreciation of the courtesies extended to us, a small collection out of the great number of editorial utterances and communications, from which even the most conservative minds should gain the convictions—

1. That by means of the invention of Odol the long sought for ideal to preserve one's teeth in sound condition has been attained.
2. That on account of the delightful taste and delicious flavour of Odol the daily care of the teeth has been made a sublime comfort.

BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE.

... But the most important feature of all is that it seems to leave a clean, wholesome, and pleasant flavour in the mouth, and if used at night there is an absence of sour, sickly taste in the morning, and a freshness that seems to warrant most fully the praise bestowed by medical experts. . . . Odol, in fact, makes the cleansing of the mouth and teeth a pleasure, and from its antiseptic qualities it is a most valuable preservative.

BELFAST NEWS LETTER.

It operates some time after it is used, because the antiseptic is absorbed by the mucous membrane of the mouth, which, becoming superficially impregnated with it, is for hours protected against all kinds of sepsis, whilst any impurities in the mouth are at the same time rendered incapable of setting up decomposition and fermentation processes.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Odol is perfectly efficacious without the assistance of any other tooth-cleanser. . . . It is likely to bring about a marked reformation in preserving and beautifying the teeth. . . . It supplies a long-felt want. If only the discovery had been made years ago, what misery—and there is no misery like unto the tooth misery—might have been avoided!

GLASGOW DAILY RECORD AND MAIL.

... A delightfully fragrant fluid, very pleasant to use, and, being a powerful deodoriser and cleanser, it leaves a pleasant sense of freshness in the mouth. . . . Odol is presented in a very dainty flask, which makes quite an ornamental addition to the toilet table.

LANCET.

No IV., Vol. 2, 1902.—. . . Odol is a powerful antiseptic, and forms an agreeable and effective mouth-wash. No. X., Vol. 2, 1902.—. . . It is this property which makes Odol a very efficient antiseptic for the mouth.

WOMAN AT HOME.

... The antiseptic of Odol is partly absorbed by the mucous membrane of the mouth, which is consequently protected for some time against all kinds of what the doctors call "septic matter." . . . It leaves a delicious sensation of purity and cleanliness. . . . This antiseptic mouth-wash is one of beauty's best friends.

LIVERPOOL COURIER.

In fact, the tributes of dental surgeons and others who have investigated the operation of Odol make quite a volume of praise.

SPHERE.

One of its most important properties is its antiseptic quality, being most refreshing as a mouth-wash, the beneficial effects remaining active for quite a long time after use. . . . It makes a capital gargle, as well as a cleanser and whitener of the teeth, requiring nothing else in the way of powder to supplement it.

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

... When Odol is similarly diluted, the oil separates out in fine globules to form an emulsion, and it is claimed that it thus comes into intimate contact with every crevice in the mouth, and by adhering to the surface produces more lasting effect.

DUBLIN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

... The result is that Odol becomes effective only when it is required, and this property makes it seem as if it were purposely intended for the preservation of the mouth. A second fundamental peculiarity of Odol is the durability of its effectiveness. These two properties (action at a given moment, and continuous action) belong in the present state of science to Odol alone.

LEICESTER DAILY POST.

It exercises a very potent antiseptic effect for some time after it has been used. Its chief title to general recognition and popularity is, however, that it is an ideal mouth-wash, completely fulfilling all the six specific requirements of an unexceptionable dentifrice.

LIVERPOOL MERCURY.

... Being an excellent wash for the mouth, it contains none of the deleterious matter sometimes associated with preparations intended for the preservation of teeth. Our medical contemporaries have spoken in favourable terms of this latest addition to toilet requirements.

WIZARD OF THE NORTH.

Election time is near—
Use Odol;
If your jaws get out of gear,
Take Odol;
When on civic matters prating,
Should your mouth get foul debating
In language irritating,
Use Odol.

No matter who you are,
Use Odol;
Be you "super," be you "star,"
Use Odol;
Be you man or maid of taste,
You have got no time to waste—
Hurry up and make great haste,
Get Odol!

MEDICAL TIMES AND HOSPITAL GAZETTE.

... In any case Odol is the best antiseptic for the mouth with which I am up to the present acquainted.

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.

... We have given it a good trial and like it well, the convenient manner of taking it from the bottles and the refreshing feeling Odol leaves in the mouth being the points that particularly commend it to us, although its antiseptic properties are undoubtedly exceptional.

GLASGOW WEEKLY CITIZEN.

... Odol, which has been highly and deservedly praised by all sorts of notable people—statesmen, soldiers, actors, actresses among others—who use it constantly, and by so doing practise the most perfect hygiene of the mouth and teeth on the basis of modern scientific principles. . . . Indeed, no better preparation for thoroughly cleansing the mouths and teeth of grown-ups as well as children could be wished for than Odol.

HOSPITAL.

... We commend the use of Odol to those who appreciate the advantages of oral sepsis.

GUY'S HOSPITAL GAZETTE.

... The Odol had therefore absolutely prevented the development of the bacteria.

THERAPIST.

... A powerful antiseptic effect in the mouth, and at the same time to guard against any injurious action. The prolonged antiseptic effects of Odol in the mouth are based substantially upon the physical properties which enable it to be used as an emulsion, and upon its capacity for being absorbed by the mucous membrane.

EVENING NEWS (LONDON).

... It is to be hoped that, with the invention of Odol, the care of the mouth may become as general as the universal habit of washing the face and hands. Reflection will show that to keep the oral cavity pure is of even greater importance to health than cleanliness of the face and hands; and if the latter is regarded as indispensable, why not the former? Parents who do not accustom their children to take care of their mouths and teeth in childhood are really neglecting a duty, and older persons who, in spite of repeated warnings, allow their teeth to decay are criminally neglecting their own health.

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

... It is a delightful preparation for cleansing the teeth; it sweetens the breath, and, being antiseptic, is of great benefit to the gums and inside the mouth.

JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH DENTAL ASSOCIATION. (Paper by Rose.)

According to the author, there are, amongst all the preparations recommended for the care of the mouth, two only which can be employed for daily use. . . . These are the solution of cooking salt (7:1000) and 5 per cent. Odol.

DUNDEE ADVERTISER.

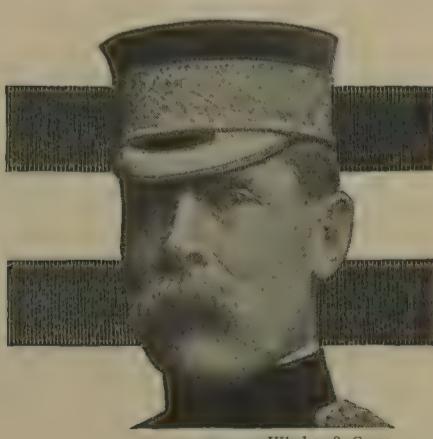
Thoroughly antiseptic . . . it continues to act for a considerable time. . . . Odol is a novelty which has secured the patronage of those who can appreciate its value from the hygienic point of view, and it will appeal to those who relish a very attractive teeth preservative.

TREATMENT: Journal of Practical Medicine and Surgery.

... Of all known mouth-washes one alone is absolutely harmless, and that is Odol.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

After using Odol, the mouth is left in an exceedingly cool and fragrant state; and if, in addition, a little be gargled, it clears the voice very nicely. We think, then, that Odol is a perfect mouth-wash and tooth-cleanser. It may be used with safety and advantage by all.



Lord Methuen, the gallant soldier, has undoubtedly won the affection and confidence of the men who served under him in the trying hardships of war, and is surely one of the most chivalrous, and at the same time popular figures among the generals who have fought the country's battles.

Lord Methuen writes: "I find Odol an excellent mixture for the teeth."



The brother-in-law of the King, the Duke of Argyll, takes, perhaps, a greater interest in literature than in anything else, and everyone will remember his popular *Life of Queen Victoria*, which was published last year.

The Duke of Argyll writes, through his secretary: "Odol appears to him an excellent preparation."



One of the officers who most distinguished himself in the South African campaign was Lieutenant-General Sir John Denton French, who was appointed to the command of the First Army Corps at Aldershot last year.

Lieutenant-General Sir John French writes: "Odol appears to me to possess all the excellent qualities of a mouth-wash which are claimed for it."

LADIES' PAGES.

An interesting paragraph has recently appeared in the columns of an important daily paper with regard to the election of women painters as Associates of the Royal Academy. It points out that the fact of several votes having been given at the last Royal Academy elections for Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, and the great probability that she would have had more voices if she had not been a woman, should remind the Academy of its true position in regard to the sex of its Associates. "The election of women is not, as some suppose, illegal, and if the late Queen had been more favourable to feminine ambition than she was, she might have gone so far as to point out the law when a woman painter was exciting national enthusiasm. Queen Victoria knew her legitimate and constituted authority over the Royal Academy when in mid-season she caused Lady Butler's 'Roll-Call' to be taken down from its place and conveyed to Windsor. The country cousins who came up expressly for that picture were disappointed, but the royal prerogative was made manifest. Perhaps the King may be more inclined to do justice in the matter of the new generation, represented by Miss Kemp-Welch. His Majesty's great-grandfather gave a Royal Charter to two women painters among the Academician for the first appointment. Some painters have strangely talked of altering their laws so as to admit women, whereas their laws would have to be altered to shut them out." There is a good deal of matter for thought in the short paragraph I have quoted in full. So long a period has passed since the exhibition of Lady Butler's picture that I cannot remember the length of time it was kept at Windsor, and royal patronage has always been of such advantage to an artist that it is strange to hear it spoken of as if it were something of a grievance. But in the fact that women are no longer elected as Associates or Academician our sex has a very distinct grievance. The study of art may be as becomingly followed by women as by men; purists have no excuse for arguments prompted by false modesty, as in the case of granting medical degrees to ladies. No bar exists to the election of women to the Academy; it has simply fallen into disuse, just as a "right of way" expires for the want of a few chance strollers, who will have to be determined explorers later on if they want to get in. There were three lady Academician in old times, of whom the most generally known is Angelica Kaufmann, whose graceful designs still attest to her fitness for the honour. If we were all thoroughly educated, worshipping art as the Greeks worshipped it, and admiring the person who was "gifted by the gods," there would be no need of these poor distinctions by means of which the world at large might recognise the few. As it is, A.R.A. and R.A. are weighty letters, a hall-mark as to the possession of talent. Men find it



A NEW THEATRE-COAT.

A Famous Specialist ON THE Permanent Cure of Obesity.

Just as the name of some great physician or surgeon springs to the mind when some particular disease or class of disease is mentioned, so when the word "corpulency" is uttered, the name of Mr. F. Cecil Russell comes to mind on the instant. Not that that well-known authority looks upon obesity as a disease, however; but his name, as that of the most successful of specialists in the treatment of obesity, is inseparably connected with that branch of the curative art.

Should any stout reader wish to know what Mr. Russell has accomplished in this direction, and by what particular methods, let that reader at once write him at Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. (enclosing three penny stamps), for a copy of the nineteenth edition of his standard work, entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," an admirably lucid treatise of 256 pages. The reader's effort in making the application will be amply rewarded.

"Corpulency and the Cure" goes at once to the root of the matter and tells all about the various causes of obesity. It then deals *in extenso* with its cure, and explains the radical differences between the "Russell" treatment and the many other treatments, British and continental, which have met with but partial success where they have not failed altogether. As an indisputable proof of the harmlessness of the treatment, Mr. Russell publishes the recipe of the liquid vegetable compound upon which he chiefly relies as a reductive agent. By this, again, it will be seen that the purely herbal ingredients of the mixture are quite innocuous. By Mr. Russell's method it is clearly proved that a person, however stout, may regain normal dimensions and weight with ease and safety, and without any racking and exhaustive purgatives or any needlessly severe exercise. Only a little prudence and care is required, and the decrease of fat goes on naturally but perceptibly at the rate of from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lbs. daily until the desired condition is reached, when the treatment may be set aside with no

fear of a recurrence of obesity, if only ordinary hygienic rules are observed. This most important feature of the treatment stands out very prominently in the hundreds of extracts from patients' letters which the author has thought fit to incorporate in his book. Moreover, whenever the matter of general health is mentioned, the patient is usually enthusiastic. The truth is that the "Russell" treatment—or rather the principal compound employed—is a splendid tonic, improving appetite and aiding the organs of digestion and assimilation, so that a larger amount of wholesome food is required and taken and new muscular tissue is formed in place of the unhealthy adipose which is being steadily destroyed and eliminated. However looked upon, the system is sound and admirable, and "Corpulency and the Cure," with its mass of well-arranged facts and figures, must of necessity appeal to any reader possessing the logical faculty.

A HINT TO STOUT LADIES.

Ladies are constantly complaining that they cannot retain their youthfulness of figure without either taking vigorous exercise in the gymnasium, wearing strongly bound and tightly laced corsets, or going in for a course of semi-starvation, to all of which they feel there are the strongest objections. And it is well that these objections are heeded, for all such drastic and exhausting methods of overcoming obesity, or of checking its approach, are weakening and debilitating in the extreme, and, if persevered in, may leave lasting evil effects upon the system. Very different indeed is the simple and healthful method of permanently reducing a too rotund figure to beautiful proportions known as the "Russell" treatment. By means of this wonderful system the first day's reduction amounts to from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lbs., and this decrease continues daily in the same ratio until normal size and weight are attained. The fullest particulars of the system are set forth by the originator, Mr. F. C. Russell, in his admirable book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," which he will be pleased to send to any applicant who sends him her address and three penny stamps. For the benefit of our stout friends we append Mr. Russell's address: Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—Reprinted from the *Penny Illustrated Paper*.

A MISTAKE, AND HOW TO REMEDY IT.
TO THE STOUT OF BOTH SEXES.

Many men and women, alarmed at the inexplicable encroachments of corpulency, are desirous of taking a stone or two off their weight. They have got heavy in their movements; they find they have more difficulty in breathing freely; they are reluctantly compelled to give up athletic exercises, and outdoor pastimes become more irksome than pleasurable. The women, especially, suffer the mortification of being no longer so attractive, and their favourite recreations—dancing, lawn tennis, etc.—can no longer

useful to have this hall-mark affixed to their names, and women would find it of the greatest value in impressing outsiders with a sense of their merit and in adding an infinite amount to the market-value of their work.

The King's illness was naturally the cause of great disappointment at Chatsworth. To no one was this more trying than to the sufferer himself, who is "nothing if not punctual," and always keenly distressed if unable to keep an appointment. We are all too unhappily familiar with the methods of "King Influenza" to be surprised at any disappointment which follows after he has appeared upon the scene; immediate obedience to his sway is the only possible course, and such trifles as a house-party waiting and tons of fireworks to be let off are simply non-existent when this terrible potentate makes his appearance. Our King kept up a little longer than he should have done, being anxious to be present at the planting of the trees in King Edward's Avenue.

A curious new department in philanthropy, in which women play a prominent part, has been organised by the Salvation Army in the West-End of London. It consists more or less of an attack upon public houses, but the method is very different from that of Mrs. Carrie Nation. A number of women officers entered public houses in the region of Oxford Street on Saturday night, Feb. 7. There they sang hymns, which were listened to with the greatest attention. The reception of the reformers was perfectly courteous throughout, and they were suffered to depart without a railing word being flung at them. Shortly afterwards a band of Salvation soldiers, under Commissioner Nicholl, marched through the same district, halting about ten times to deliver brief addresses. As a social experiment these proceedings will be watched with interest, and the proof of its wisdom must, of course, rest with the results obtained. It is certainly an improvement on the tactics of the American "bar-smasher."

The new models in millinery seem to demonstrate the fact that Madame la Mode intends all her votaries to wear their hair dressed low this spring. The brims of many of the new chapeaux are made with a deep point at the back, so as to preclude the possibility of a high coiffure, which must be reserved for evening wear. The "pill-box crown" will be popular during the *demi-saison*, the front of the shape resembling our old friend the "toreador," with the back of the brim carried down into a point. A pretty way of trimming it is to have loops of satin ribbon run in and out of the brim, with a cascade of tiny satin rosettes appearing at the back. The straw is very frequently of the kind yclept chrysanthemum, its fluffiness recalling the petals of the Japanese variety of this flower. Hussar hats are being made in chrysanthemum

be indulged in to any enjoyable extent. The mistake is that they let the mischief go too far, the fat accumulating, the figure spoiling, and the general health deteriorating. Happily for these imprudent ones, these things are easily to be remedied by the famous "Russell" treatment. The remedy is pleasant, harmless, and sure. It is truly scientific and very simple; and a reduction of from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lbs. per day is guaranteed. When normal proportions are reached the treatment may be discontinued. The "Russell" treatment is very fully described and the recipe given in "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, and any of our stout readers may obtain a copy of this wonderfully interesting book by sending three penny stamps to the author at Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—Reprinted from *Myra's Journal*.

A RATIONAL CURE FOR OBESITY.

Those fortunate persons who can afford to "take the waters" at some foreign Spa too frequently discover that the effects of the "cure" are but short-lived. This applies particularly to the corpulent. The reason is, that although a temporary amelioration in health may be apparent, there is no permanent check on the tendency to form fat. Now this tendency is one of the greatest of dangers. It leads in many cases to fatty degeneration of the heart and liver, the consequences of which are often fatal. Why, then, do they not try some means of permanently eliminating the danger? Simply because they have in all probability not heard of the wonderful results of the "Russell" treatment, although it is safe to say that that treatment has proved to be the only radical means of ridding the system of superfluous fatty matter. If any of our stout readers who have any doubts on this matter will take the trouble to read a book called "Corpulency and the Cure," by Mr. F. C. Russell, we feel sure that those doubts will be very soon removed. The author has devoted many years to the discovery of the causes and the cure of obesity, and, to judge from the thousands of letters he has received from his patients, there cannot be any doubt that this system is admirably effective. Hundreds of extracts from these letters are reprinted in "Corpulency and the Cure."

The "Russell" treatment is pleasant, easy, and quite harmless. There is no need for any distressing restrictions as to diet, no need for exhausting exercises or debilitating purgative medicines. The compound—a tonic liquid—which forms the basis of the treatment is purely herbal, and as a proof of its complete harmlessness Mr. Russell gives the recipe of the compound.

We have said that this is a tonic. It also acts powerfully on the digestive and assimilative apparatus. The effects of this are twofold: whilst the superabundant adipose is being expelled, the body is receiving increased nourishment, the blood is being enriched, and the whole system vitalised and strengthened.

Within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment there is a decrease of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lbs., still more in extreme cases; and this reduction continues in the same ratio daily until normal proportions are reached. The treatment may then be discontinued.

Our advice is, get the book! By sending three penny stamps (to defray private postage) to Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., any reader of this publication will receive a copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" by return post.—Reprinted from the *Illustrated Mail*.



SOFTENS HARD WATER.
SOOTHES THE SKIN.
A GOOD HAIRWASH.
A LUXURY IN THE BATH.
A PURE PREPARATION.

LUX
PURIFYING and REFRESHING.
A unique Washing Preparation made in the form of Flakes or Wafers.
LUX LIGHTENS LABOUR.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND OILMEN.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.

FOR THE BATH.
FOR THE TOILET.
FOR SHAMPOOING.
FOR LACE AND HOSIERY.
FOR FLANNELS AND WOOLLENS.

straw, and this seems a natural step from the astrachan toques that are being so much worn at present. A dainty specimen of the Hussar hat was of black straw, with a loop of pale yellow straw placed at the left side, the design being finished by a black "brush" fastened by an old paste cabochon. Foulard straw is another novelty which will find great favour in the spring. It consists of a mixture of shiny pointed pieces of two colours, usually navy blue and white. One pretty model had the crown swathed with blue tulle speckled with white, with a garland of pale-green ivy leaves nestling under the brim. This is a hat which suggests the first spring day, and could be suitably worn with a tailor-made dress of blue serge, with a white cloth dress, or, better than all, with a navy foulard spotted with white. Another design was a fine straw of the shape known as plateau, the round pliant form which follows every whim of its creator, but is stubborn in any other hands. It was decorated by a wreath of spring flowers in delightfully harmonising though bright colours—daisies, buttercups, and corn-flowers. A rosette of darkest green, the colour of the straw, was placed under the brim at the left side, finished by a diamond buckle.

Bands of Oriental or Russian embroidery brighten up many of the new gowns, and always give an air of distinction to the dress. Navy-blue serge looks quite uncommon when it is trimmed with Russian embroidery, and zibeline takes on a new charm when relieved with bands of Eastern work. Black velvet dresses are being much worn, especially by fair women, and I have also noticed some pretty dresses in grey velvet. A charming gown which formed part of the trousseau of a recent bride was made in silver-grey velvet, lined with palest blue silk. The seams were laced across with silver cord, and a beautiful collar was worn, made of white guipure laid over pale blue and threaded with silver and embroidered with turquoise. Turquoise combs were worn in the hair, and other ornaments of the same pretty stones were added to the bodice. All fashionable women are wearing what they call "bits of blue"—turquoise chains, or necklaces of turquoise matrix. This latter is always such a fascinating object, with its strange streaks of brown and green. Strings of pearls are more popular than ever, and jewelled chatelaines, gold or silver hanging purses, and large diamond rings, frequently covering the fingers up to the knuckles, are much worn. The abundance of necklaces which used to be so much liked has now become a thing of the past; at present, the pendant is the important point, and it is better to let it hang from a slender chain.

There is very little novelty in table decorations at present, except that people have this winter rapidly wearied of the beautiful chrysanthemum, and there is a great demand for small flowers, such as anemones and



THE COMING FASHION.

narcissi. The Queen's favourite flowers are lilies-of-the-valley. Her Majesty is often seen wearing a cluster of them at her throat, and the fairy bells with their tall green leaves frequently figure on the royal dinner-table, placed in a gold jardinière which reaches from one end of the table to the other. Lady Warwick has a particular dislike to high centrepieces, and always has her flowers arranged very low, so as not to impede general conversation. She is especially fond of Neapolitan violets arranged in shallow Japanese bowls. Beautiful silver is the principal feature at Viscountess Portsmouth's table, and when she entertains guests in her country-house there is always some fine silver centre-piece in the middle of the table, and an antique flagon, cup, or vase—a different one every night.

A luxurious appearance is obtained by pink roses being used for table decorations, mixed with Parma violets or white lilac. A pretty effect was produced at a recent dinner-party by a nosegay of roses and violets placed in a Venetian-glass bowl, guarded by four quaint dragons. Smaller dragons were placed at each corner of the table centre, with a few Neapolitan violets laid in their open mouths. The flower-bowl was placed on a centrepiece of Venetian brocade, bordered with puffs of pale-pink chiffon.

Crooks are often carried by bridesmaids just now, and make a change from the stereotyped bouquet. A white enamel crook has a decidedly dainty appearance tied up with a bow of satin ribbon with a spray of flowers fastened in the loop, but it is only suitable for children and young girls. Some pretty crooks carried at a fashionable wedding the other day were tied up with sky-blue satin ribbons and Parma violets, the dresses being in white mousseline-de-soie with touches of pale blue, a bunch of flowers being worn in the belt. The shepherdess hats were trimmed by pale-blue ribbon mixed with Parma violets, while a pink rose was tucked under the brim. Daffodils are often used for bridesmaid's bouquets in the spring, and look well mixed with lilies-of-the-valley and pale-green bows. Sometimes white chiffon muffs are carried, trimmed with clusters of artificial flowers, the milliner in this case taking away the business from the florist.

The first of our Illustrations this week shows a pretty model of an opera-cloak in the fashionable white cloth. The large revers are covered with lace and edged by bands of rucked chiffon. The long stole-ends are of chiffon, finished by lace. The indoor dress is made with a short skirt. Skirts to clear the ground promise to be very much worn this coming season, and look particularly well when kilted, as shown in the Illustration. The costume depicted is trimmed with Russian embroidery, and is therefore a thoroughly up-to-date little dress.

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Before washing the hair have the entire scalp thoroughly rubbed with the Tonic, which can then be washed off in warm water with the aid of any good Soap ("Vaseline" Toilet Soap is recommended for the purpose). The scalp will be found to have absorbed sufficient of the Tonic to last for days. In very severe cases, where the hair falls out in handfuls, this treatment should be frequently repeated. The effect will be marked from the first application—the hair will gradually cease to fall out, and a luxuriant growth be established.

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Apply as above, and in addition a drop or two should be rubbed in each morning. It is well to note that to ensure a satisfactory growth of hair the scalp must be kept healthy.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has accepted the Presidency of the Church of England Temperance Society, and will preside at the annual meeting, which is to be held in the Library at Lambeth Palace on April 27.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is expected to take part in the great ceremony at Truro Cathedral next July. The nave is to be opened in presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who will be the guests of Lord and Lady Falmouth during their stay in Cornwall. The King and Queen were present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Cathedral in July 1880, and they also stayed at Tregothnan. All the leading Church dignitaries of the West of England are expected to be at Truro, and preparations for the event are already well advanced.

Mr. W. H. Baxter, of Leeds and Harrogate, has presented the Committee of the Cape Town Cathedral Fund with a valuable organ. It was formerly in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The instrument will be reconstructed under the supervision of Sir George Martin, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral; and it is estimated that, when complete, it will be worth £3000. The organ is at present erected in the west end of St. Barnabas' Church, Holbeck, Leeds. Mr. Baxter has extensive business connections with South Africa, and it occurred to him that the gift of the organ would be a suitable return for the profits he derives from that part of the world. He wrote to the Bishop of London making the offer, which was accepted.

The great Wesleyan meeting at the Aquarium was brilliantly successful in point of numbers, but it was impossible for many of those present to hear the speeches. Mr. R. W. Perks and Dr. Guinness Rogers were audible in most parts of the hall, and so was the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, whose speech was the wittiest and most eloquent of the evening. The singing of favourite Methodist hymns was an important item of the programme. The Wesleyan Million Guineas Fund is now almost complete, and it is hoped that by the time Conference meets in July the few thousands still required may be in hand. The sum of £1,005,000 is already guaranteed.

Father Stanton has gone for his usual spring holiday on the Continent, and will be back in the

middle of Lent. Last year he entertained a great gathering in the parish room of St. Alban's, Holborn, with an account of his visit to Seville and other towns in Spain.

The Rev. A. J. Poynder is quickly making himself at home in Whitechapel, and already the various agencies connected with the parish church are being strengthened through his influence. There are many

is now conducted by the daughter of an original worker.

Canon Brooke, the well-known Vicar of the Church of St. John-the-Divine, Kennington, appeals for early rising during Lent. Writing in his parish magazine, he urges his people not to leave their special examination of conscience till the last few days of Holy Week, but to make the most of the Lenten season from the beginning. Among eminent preachers who will give addresses at St. John's during Lent are Canon Scott Holland, Father Adderley, and Canon Randolph, of Ely. Mr. George Russell will also give his lecture on John Wesley.

The Rev. Mark Napier Trollope, who succeeded Father Dolling at St. Saviour's, Poplar, is doing his utmost to brighten the dreary region of Arcadia Street. His parish magazine for February contains a very lively description of the New Year festivities, which have included dramatic entertainments, dances, and musical evenings. The more serious work is in no way neglected, and it is satisfactory to see that the new clergyman has a bright and hopeful spirit, and refuses to be depressed by the many anxieties of his position. He even talks of starting some Dickens classes for his younger parishioners.

The Wardenship of St. Augustine's Missionary College, Canterbury, vacant by the death of Canon Maclear, has been offered to the Rev. J. O. F. Murray, Dean of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

The Rev. H. M. Myddleton Evans, Vicar of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, has decided to resign his benefice. It was announced last November that the Bishop of London would institute proceedings against Mr. Evans on account of ritualistic practices at St. Michael's. Since that time, negotiations have been going on, but the final day for Mr. Evans' decision was Feb. 1, and he preferred to relinquish his benefice. St. Michael's has been one of the six churches in the diocese which the Bishop of London refused to visit.

The Duke of Devonshire has undertaken to provide an endowment fund of £2500 for the new church of St. Aidan's, Carlisle, on condition that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners guarantee an equal amount. His Grace proposes to divide his gift into five annual instalments—V.



A NEW MILITARY STATION IN SCOTLAND: STOBS CASTLE, ACQUIRED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

Stobs Castle, the historical home of the Elliots, with the adjoining farms, has been acquired by the Government as a military station. It is understood that a camp will be formed and large numbers of soldiers stationed there. The ground, which is about four miles from Hawick, is suitable for gun practice, a long range among the hills and valleys of Shankend and Penchrise being available.

lodging-houses for men in the neighbourhood, including one of Lord Rowton's, which accommodates over eight hundred, and the new Rector is very anxious to start a special men's service. Excellent clubs for men and boys exist, while a new men's club will be opened when funds allow of its completion. It is interesting to note that this was the first parish in London to start a mothers' meeting. The meeting

CURE AND PREVENTION OF WRITER'S CRAMP.

"Writer's cramp" is doubtless one of the most troublesome professional ailments. And yet how little has been done to find out its real causes and to fix upon a rational treatment of same! Complaints of this description are generally attributed to nervous debility—the willing scapegoat of so many things—and are treated accordingly with more or less success.

A great many sufferers will be interested and glad to hear that the method after which Julius Wolff, formerly in Frankfort-on-Main, now in Berlin, cures the writer's, draughtsman's, and violinist's cramp, etc., has been applied with splendid success in almost all cases he has taken in hand. Members of all professions who are obliged to move their hands for a number of hours in continuously writing, etc., such as professors, musicians, authors, book-keepers, etc., have followed the Wolff treatment and have been permanently cured of this complaint, which is usually accompanied with trembling. This surprisingly quick and beneficial treatment has secured renewed vital energy and pleasure in work for many hundreds of people.

The Wolff method consists of a peculiar and so far unique combination of curative gymnastics (of the arms and fingers) and massage of an active and passive nature, without any application of electricity. The most eminent men of the whole medical world, such as Prof. Dr. Billroth, Vienna; Prof. Dr. Bamberger, Vienna; Prof. Dr. Benedikt, Vienna; Prof. Dr. Stellwag, Vienna; Prof. Dr. von Nussbaum, Munich; Prof. Dr. F. Esmarch, Medical Counsellor, Kiel; Prof. Dr. E. Wagner, Leipsic; Prof. Dr. A. Bardeleben, Berlin; Prof. Dr. H. Hertz, Amsterdam; Prof. Dr. J. A. Fruin, Utrecht; Prof. Dr. Westphal, Berlin; Dr. Siegfried, Sanitary Counsellor, Berlin; Dr. Stein, Court Counsellor, Frankfort-on-Main; Dr. Ernesti, Potsdam; Prof. Dr. A. Weichselbaum, Vienna; Prof. Solger, Greifswald; Sir James Paget, Dr. Ferrier, London; Dr. Ross, Graham, New York; Lyman, Chicago; Weber, Brunelli, Baccelli, etc., have examined and highly recommend the method. Prof. Nussbaum says, *inter alia*—

"Although Mr. Wolff does not make a secret of his method and explains same to any physician desirous of becoming

acquainted with it, nobody has ever imitated same with equal results. It can truly be said that the good curative results of Mr. Wolff are due to his personal exercise and skill. He fixes upon those groups of muscles which require invigorating gymnastics with greater accuracy than our experts in electro-therapeutics."

In the 'eighties he practised in London, and his astonishing cures were most creditably acknowledged in lengthy articles by A. de Watteville, M.A., M.D., B.Sc., in the *Lancet* of May 2, 1885, and in the *British Medical Journal* of Feb. 14. This is an extract: "I have had the opportunity of testing the daily progress made by a gentleman sent by me to Mr. Wolff. The case, one of the worst I ever saw, was of seventeen years' duration, and yet before a fortnight had elapsed the use of the pen had returned to such a degree as to allow the patient to write for several hours a day, and with almost normal rapidity and firmness."

A few of the numerous cases in which Mr. J. Wolff obtained surprisingly quick and good results with his method—where other treatments failed—may be briefly cited here.

Mr. A. R., manufacturer, forty-six, suffered from writer's cramp for ten years. The pain, which was very slight at first,

soon went over the hand and concentrated itself on the thumb, forefinger, and middle-finger, rendering the holding of the pen and writing completely impossible. Various methods of treatment were unsuccessful. After the patient had been treated by Mr. J. Wolff with gymnastics and massage for twenty-six days, he was able to write fluently and nicely for some time without any pain or cramp. Six months later he wrote a letter to the effect that he was completely cured.

SECOND CASE.—Mr. J. B., official, forty-two, bachelor, tall and slim; complained of pains in the forearm up to the shoulder. He could do any work except writing. As soon as he had written a little, the hand moved in the wrist from the left to the right and the upper arm pressed itself involuntarily to the right side of the body. If the patient wanted to write again he could not do so: his body trembled all over,

and he showed great excitement. After a three weeks' treatment by Mr. J. Wolff the patient could write easily, fluently, and

without any trouble. All the muscles of the arm had become firmer, and, as he felt it, much stronger.

THIRD CASE.—Mr. M. S., clerk, twenty-seven, bachelor, a little weak-bodied, had been suffering from writer's cramp for four years. On the advice of his physician he visited an establishment for gymnastics, with the result that his arms and hands became stronger, but there was no improvement in his writing; on the contrary, the ability to write became less and less. Having tried

to write with the left hand, he got the same pains and the same feeling of paralysis after a short time, so that nothing was left to him finally but to give up his position. After four weeks' treatment by Mr. J. Wolff, he was completely relieved of his complaint, and, having been reinstated in his position, writes better than ever.

FOURTH CASE.—Mr. H. P., writer, fifty, with moderately developed muscles, suffered from writer's cramp for fifteen years. This cramp was so strong that the patient involuntarily crushed objects which withstood voluntary efforts. After having been unsuccessfully treated for years, this patient underwent the treatment of Mr. J. Wolff.

After five days' massage and gymnastics, he felt already a gradual increase of suppleness in the arm, and after a treatment of twenty-four days he was completely cured of his ailment. One year after the cure the patient was minutely examined, and there were no signs of a relapse.

It is easy to see, from the few cases of cures mentioned above, what beneficial effects are obtained after a short time by the application of J. Wolff's method to the various forms of writer's, etc., cramp, and it is therefore to the interest of all those who suffer from such a complaint to undergo the J. Wolff treatment. The Wolff Institute receives patients in the summer in Wiesbaden, Taunusstr. 34, and in the winter in Berlin, W., Hohenzollernstr. 16.



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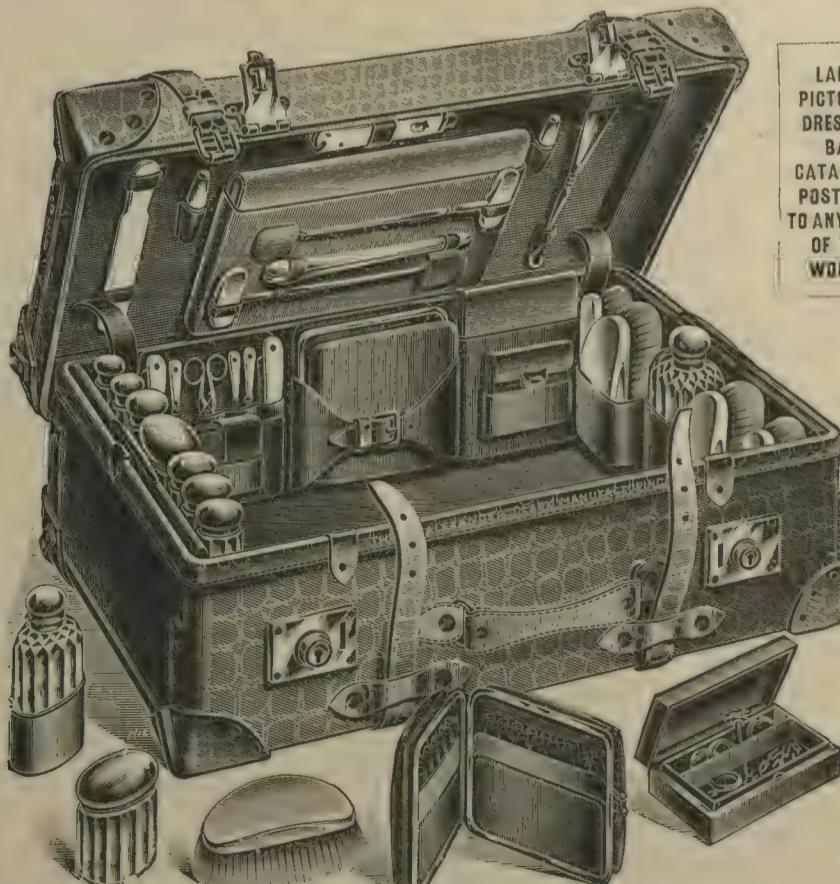
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ART NOTES.

At the Fine Art Society's, New Bond Street, one room is now hung with the water-colours of Mr. E. Wake Cook, who has had two aims—the faithful recording of what he desperately calls the "vanishing" beauties of Venice, and the revival of some ideal scenes in which Graces sport in gardens. He calls his collection of water-colours "The Quest of Beauty (Real and Ideal)"; but the ideal is no more than a reconstruction, with great architectural luxury, of the terraced garden, and the conventional introduction of the decorative nude.

What Mr. Wake Cook really loves is the detail of Venice, and he has put it on record with so much honesty, faith, and care as to make this portraiture very valuable. Ruskin disliked Canaletto's work, not only because it was dull, but because, while it looked literal and exact (if lack of imagination can be held to vouch for the virtues of precision and truth to fact), when he came to put it to the test he could never be sure of it; Canaletto could not be trusted to report the state of a wall or the place of a tower. Ruskin allowed Turner to do what he liked with an Alpine valley; to move into a lower region, painted to-day, the rocks which yesterday had been before him in a higher place; and so forth. But he would not let Canaletto so much as look over the hedge behind which Turner might career upon a stolen horse unchallenged—nay, lauded. And, obviously Ruskin was right: he would have trained a whole generation of young artists to do nothing but make exact drawings of architecture, geological formations, and flowers in growth, *pour servir*; and he was accused of wishing to limit the studies of genius to these facts. The truth was, of course, that he held



Photo, supplied by Philip A. Malpas.

THE VENEZUELAN DIFFICULTY: THE PRIZE FLEET OF H.M.S. "INDEFATIGABLE"

AT QUANTA, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1902.

A number of the ship's company landed for exercise on the desert island of Quanta. The men engaged in bathing, cricket, football, and other sports.

genius to be rare, and wished to put the common art-student to some use.

Being something much better than the common art-student, Mr. Wake Cook has, nevertheless, set himself to the study of the buildings of Venice with most commendable attention. Venice, as he says truly, has been abundantly sketched, and, as he says severely, has been fobbed off by a "difficulty - dodging Impressionism, fitted only to recall things not worth looking at with open-eyed scrutiny." He, for his part, has honestly chosen things worth looking at, and has

hibitor in the Pall Mall Gallery. In a small way his work may be called "academic," but the school of his training was a dull one. All the formulas of the British water-colour art of its time are there. We cannot even complain that the landscape is too literal, too explicit; for he invested it with a sufficient amount of mist—he enwreathed his mountains and lost his distances broadly enough to please anybody. But with all this mist there is no tenderness; with all these gleams and rays there is no light. Here, however, is much that we must respect—a well-taught art, a consistent disdain of trick, work in which the mountebank has no part.



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the County of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated May 5, 1900), with a codicil (dated April 6, 1901), of Mr. Archibald Hood, J.P., of Rosewell, Midlothian, and Sherwood, Cardiff, colliery proprietor, who died on Oct. 27, granted to William Walker Hood and James Archibald Hood, the sons, and Walter Rayner Shirley, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Jan. 30, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £210,147.

The will (dated March 4, 1896) of Mr. John Cunliffe Kay, of Godmersham Park, Canterbury, and Farfield Hall, York, who died on Nov. 28, was proved on Feb. 3 by Lieutenant-Colonel Foster Cunliffe Lister Kay, of Cladich, Dalmally, Argyll, the son, the sole executor, the value of the real and personal estate being £141,152. Subject to a legacy of £500 to his wife, the testator

leaves all his property both in England and Scotland to his son Foster.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1900) of Lieutenant-Colonel William Henry Newton, R.A., of Thoresby, Cheltenham, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Jan. 22 by Mrs. Alice Emma Georgina Newton, the widow, and Perceval Hanbury Harston, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being sworn at £92,174. The testator gives his freehold residence, with the furniture, etc., therein, horses and carriages, and £250 to his wife; £15,000, in trust, for his daughter Charlotte; £2000, in trust, for his son George; £500 to Perceval H. Harston; £250 each to Alice Bowles, Ethel Bowles, and Mary Harston; and two small annuities. He appoints a one fifth share of a sum of £20,000 to his daughter. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves in trust for his wife for life, and then for his daughter.

The will (dated July 24, 1897) of Mr. Samuel Wills, of 1, Royal Park, Clifton, Bristol, was proved on Jan. 29 by Mrs. Sophia White Wills, the widow, the value of

the estate amounting to £78,735. The testator gives £500 to his nephew Charles William Stewart, and, subject thereto, leaves all his property to Mrs. Wills absolutely.

The will (dated April 9, 1886), with a codicil (dated Oct. 22, 1897), of the Very Rev. William Richard Wood Stephens, Dean of Winchester, who died at the Deanery on Dec. 22, was proved on Feb. 2 by Aldred William Rowden and William Haldane Porter, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £65,135. The testator gives £200 each to his executors; and £1000, the household effects, and the income from the residue of his property to his wife. On her decease the ultimate residue is to go to his children.

The will (dated June 12, 1901), with three codicils (dated June 13, 1901, and April 12 and Dec. 2, 1902), of the Hon. Mrs. Grace Jane Denman, of 19, Eaton Terrace, S.W., who died on Dec. 18, widow of Admiral the Hon. Joseph Denman, was proved on Jan. 29 by George Lewis Denman, Thomas Henry Burroughes, and



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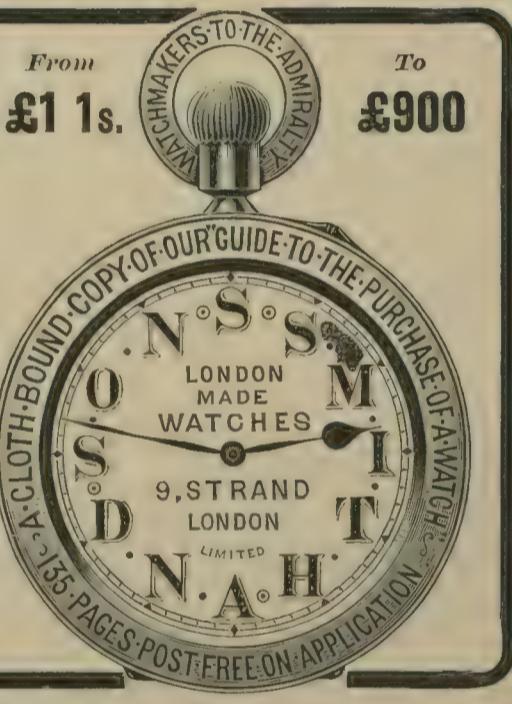
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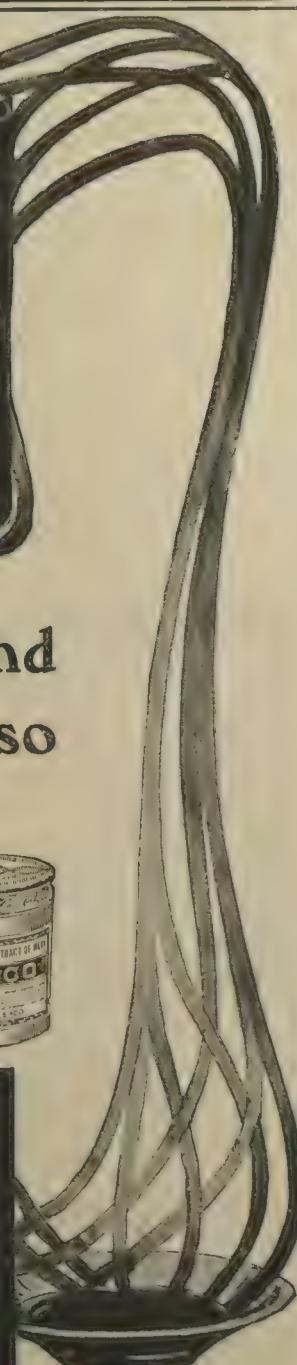
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MUSIC.

The St. James's Hall was filled on Saturday, Feb. 7, with an enthusiastic audience at the Popular Concert. Dr. and Mrs. Kraus were unfortunately ill, but their places were satisfactorily filled by Mr. and Mrs. von Dulong, who sang duets of Cornelius, Brahms, and Schumann. Their voices blend admirably, and their style is finished. The quartet-players were Professor Kruse, Mr. Inwards, Mr. Fésir, and Mr. Walenn, and their playing of the Quartet in E flat of Mozart was excellent. Madame Clotilde Kleeberg and Professor Kruse played the Sonata in E major of Bach, written for the violin and piano. Madame Kleeberg received great applause for her rendering of a novelette by Schumann and an andante by Beethoven.

At the Bechstein Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 3, Miss Edith Robinson gave the first of her Historical Violin Recitals, assisted by Mrs. Hutchinson. Her selection of music was most interesting, and among other composers Purcell and Corelli were chosen, two sonatas of their composition being given, the one of

Purcell in G minor, and the other of Corelli in D major, with a cadenza by Hellmesberger. The brilliant "Variations on a Gavotte" of Corelli, arranged by Tartini, were cleverly played. Mrs. Hutchinson sang an arrangement by Mr. Fuller Maitland of Purcell's song, "Mad Bess"; some songs of the two Scarlatti (Alessandro and Domenico Scarlatti); "Le Rosier" of J. J. Rousseau, also arranged by Mr. Fuller Maitland; and a charming song of Arne, "The lass with the delicate air."

On Thursday afternoon, Feb. 5, at the Bechstein Hall, Miss Grace Smith gave a pianoforte recital, under the direction of G. L. Robinson, assisted by Mr. Thomas Meux, who sang charmingly two songs from Mr. Arthur Somervell's cycle of "Maud"—"I have led her home" and "Go not, happy day"—and a delightful eighteenth-century "Air du Déserteur," "Adieu, chère Louise," and "C'est un torrent impétueux" of Gluck. Miss Grace Smith played with good taste and technique a fantasia and fugue of Bach, arranged by Liszt, the Sonata in B minor of Chopin, and some selections of Jensen, Beethoven, and Scarlatti.—M. I. H.

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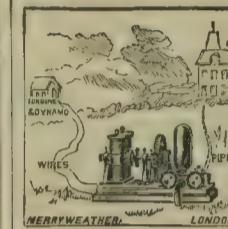
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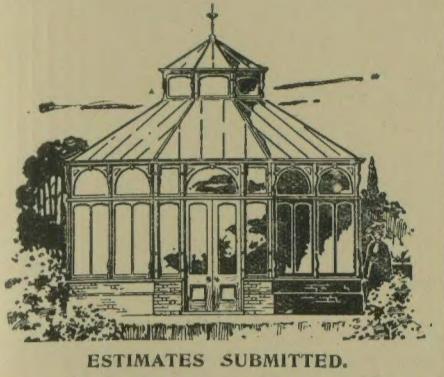
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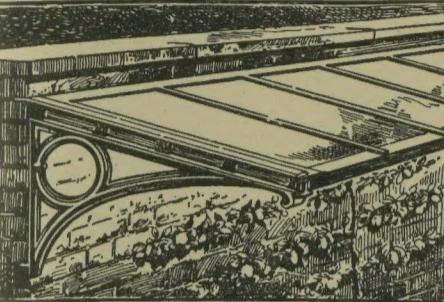
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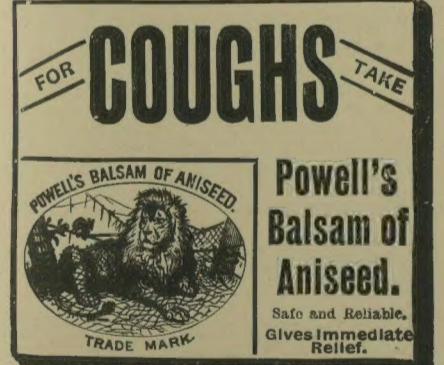
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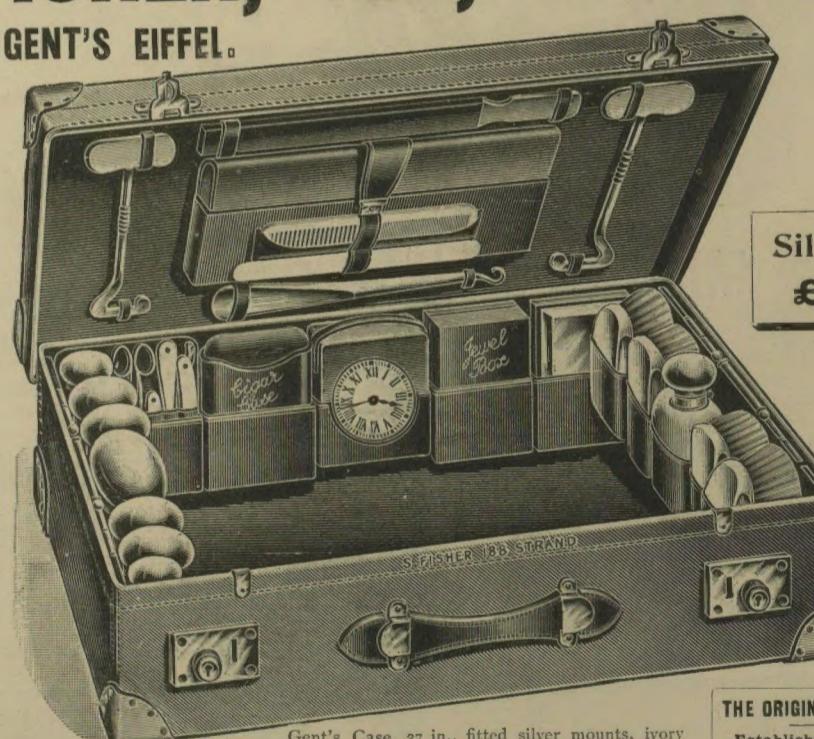
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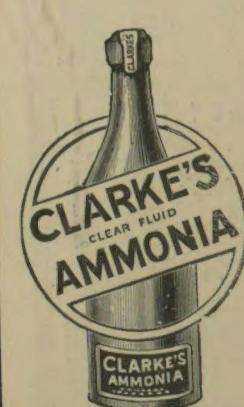


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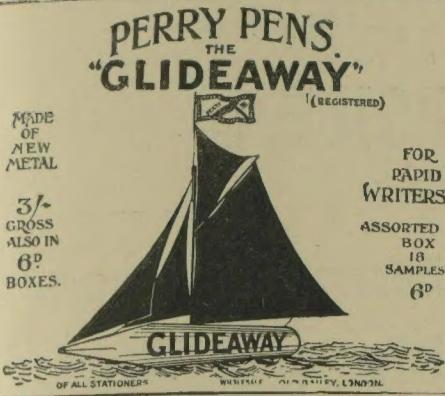
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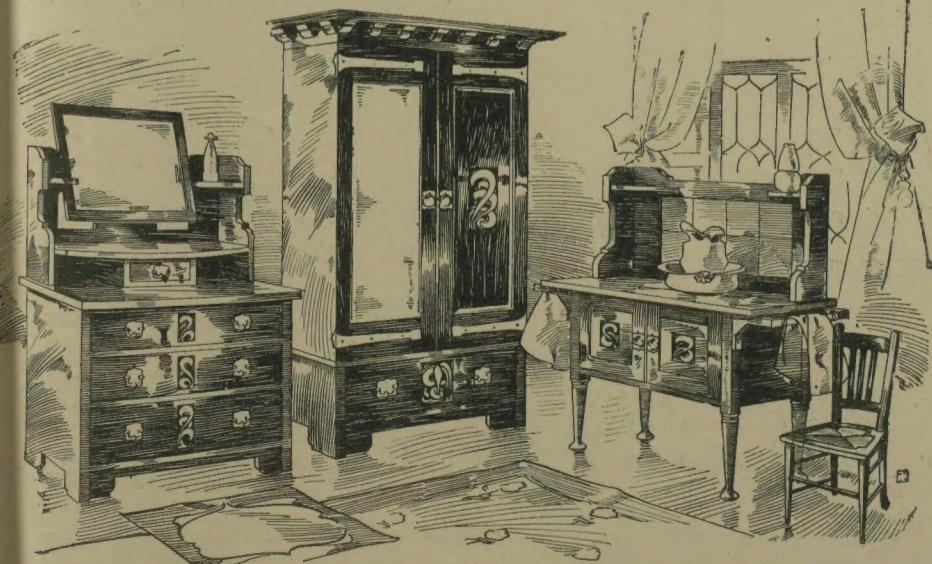


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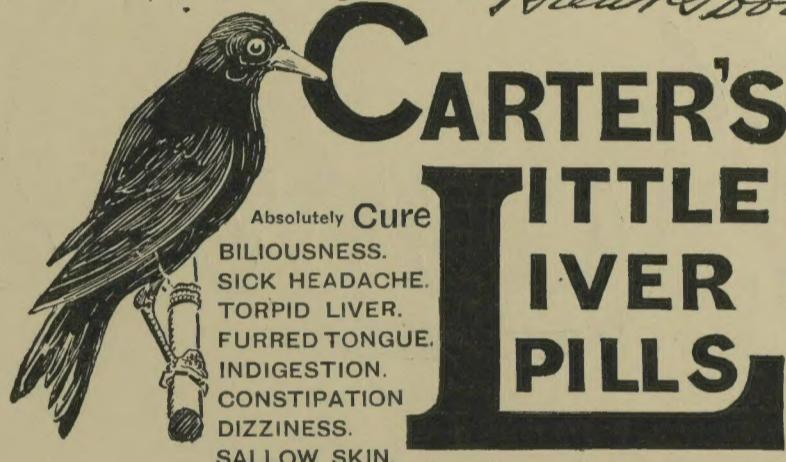
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